HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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RETURNING HOME.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 770.]

"Harper's Young People is an almost bewildering feast of pictures and literary material."—*Boston Transcript.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for October 18th is a richly illustrated as well as a very interesting one. There is a fine engraving after a drawing by J. Macdonald, *and a full-page engraving of*

NAPOLEON, THE NEW BOY AT BRIENNE,

From the Painting by M. Realier-Dumas in the Paris Salon of 1887.

The picture is accompanied by a short article by Theodore Child. *"Our Ugly Idol" is the title of a story by* E. H. House, *the first part of which is given in this number. "What they Did with Cerintha" is a story for girls. Besides these there is an instalment of "Derrick Sterling," and poems by* Dora Read Goodale *and* George Cooper.

A new feature of Harper's Young People *is the special*

SUPPLEMENTS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

These will be published from time to time, and will contain articles on a variety of topics of interest to parents and teachers, treated by able writers. The current number includes a Supplement containing two articles, namely, "Little Precautions and Health Hints," by Titus Munson Coan, M.D., *and "Health for Women," by* Catherine Baldwin.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 22, 1887.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

The result of the elections this year is awaited with peculiar interest as an indication of the tendency of political sympathy, which now before the election is singularly obscure. The election will throw great light upon the probable course of events next year. Thus, if New York should be lost to the Democratic party by a heavy vote, the renomination of the President would be less certain than it now seems to be, because the loss would show that the indispensable electoral vote of his own State is not assured to him. Again, if the loss should be plainly due to the diminution of the Democratic by the Labor vote, the result would probably secure the nomination of Mr. Blaine by the Republicans, because it would encourage them to believe that by a plurality he might carry New York. There is undoubtedly a certain Democratic vote which will be quietly thrown with intent to defeat the Democratic ticket in New York, in order to shake the certainty of the President's nomination. His opponents in his party would willingly see Democratic defeat this year if it would probably injure his chances next year. If, therefore, notwithstanding this Democratic opposition and the diversion of the Labor vote, the Democrats should carry the election, the Republicans would have to relinquish the hope of New York in the election of next year, and the renomination of Mr. Blaine would become more uncertain. Yet he will probably be very loath to abandon the opportunity of another trial. He has a very strong personal reason for desiring the nomination, because he can hardly be willing that his political career should end with the result of 1884—the defeat of his party in consequence of personal distrust of himself. That is not the way in which he would wish our political history to tell his story, and he will naturally wish to avail himself of the chance to reverse that terrible verdict, not against his party, but against himself.

This feeling will animate his friends; and if, despite their appeals, the Convention should refuse him the nomination, there would be those among them who, to prevent the confirmation of his condemnation by the election of another Republican, would undoubtedly strive to secure the defeat of the candidate. The Republican papers which say plainly that Mr. Blaine would be a very questionable candidate, but which promise to support him ardently should he be nominated, merely promote his nomination, because they remove the only doubt which his managers might feel, namely, whether such papers would support him. The most significant and unpleasant fact in the Republican prospect is the identification of the party with Mr. Blaine. Since his defeat in 1884 the Republican party has not taken a single step forward that we now recall. Its condition in New York is not assuring under the leadership of Mr. Platt, with its childish dodge upon the temperance question, and the unanimous selection of Mr. Belden as the successor of Mr. Hiscock in the House. The nomination of Mr. Belden, we presume, is another proof of the devotion of the party to civil service reform. The more clearly it appears that Mr. Blaine is really the typical Republican, the less will be the power of the traditions of the party to retain the party vote, and the more plainly it will appear that administrative reform is not to be expected from Republican success.

The Republican papers which oppose the renomination of Mr. Blaine say, very truly, that there is no reason to believe that he would be a stronger candidate in '88 than he was in '84. He would get no larger Irish vote, but, on the contrary, that vote would be divided by the Labor candidate. He would get no recruits from the independents. He would lose many Republican votes which, although cast for him in '84, would now be given to Mr. Cleveland. He would lose other Republican votes, which, although withheld from him then, were not given to Mr. Cleveland, as they would be now. He would lose the active sympathy of the conservative vote which sustained him in '84 in order to prevent a change, and which would now sustain the President for the same reason. Where would his gain be? It would be wholly indirect. His managers would count upon the Labor vote and the Democratic dissatisfaction to enable him to slip in, not upon the support of those Republicans who are convinced that he was unjustly treated in 1884. There would be against him, also, the prestige of defeat, the discouraging consciousness that he had had his chance under the most favorable circumstances, and had lost. Nor is there any party cry which could be raised especially to help his canvass. The appeal to "the soldier vote" against the President would merely open the question of public expenditure, and by no means in a manner favorable to the Republicans. The disposition of the surplus, with the tariff revision debate involved, is a question from which the opponents of Mr. Blaine would not recoil. The plea that a Blaine party is a reform party would fill the canvass with fun. The argument that a Blaine victory would secure a free vote and a fair count wherever they are refused could not be adjusted to the party record, and the final assertion that in any case the Republican is a more trustworthy party than the Democratic would be countered by the obvious truth that the nomination of Mr. Blaine did not prove it. Nevertheless, should the Democrats be defeated in the autumn elections in New York, the probability of Mr. Blaine's nomination next year would be greatly increased.

THE NEW SOUTH AND THE GREAT WEST.

The Atlanta Fair, which the President is this week visiting, is exceedingly interesting as illustrating a remarkable industrial progress in Georgia and the Southern States since the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta five years ago, which was very brilliant and successful. The present exhibition is gathered mainly from the section between Richmond, Nashville, Montgomery, and Atlanta, and there are also now open the Alabama and Georgia State fairs. A glimpse of a few figures will illustrate the remarkable awakening which is well called the New South. In 1879–80 the assessors' returns in Georgia showed a total of $235,650,530, and the rate of taxation was 5 per cent. In 1886–7 the assessors return $306,507,578, and the rate of taxation is 3½. In the State of Florida the assessment at the first period was $29,471,618, and the rate of taxation 7 per cent. In the last year the assessment was $76,611,409, and the rate of taxation 4 per cent. The total assessment of the twelve Southern States in 1879–80 was $2,164,792,795. In 1886–7 it was $3,064,800,443, and the average reduction of the rate of taxation was from 5⅗ to 4⅘ per cent. During this time Texas showed an average annual gain in valuation of more than $35,000,000, and for the whole time more than one hundred per cent. The *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, which supplies these figures, remarks that in the Republican years 1870–1 the rate of taxation was 11⅘, as against the present 4⅘. But the earlier years were those of a prostration from which recovery had not fairly begun.

During the seven years included in the table of the *Times-Democrat* fifteen thousand new industries have been established, and during the last eight months there have been two hundred millions of capital invested. In Atlanta alone within five years five millions of dollars have been added to the investments in cotton manufacture. The consumption of cotton in Southern mills has increased 5½ per cent. during the last year, and within the last three months thirty-two new cotton companies have been organized. The iron industry in Alabama has advanced astonishingly, and the iron-mining increase during the seven years has been from three hundred and ninety-seven thousand tons to nine hundred thousand tons. Eleven new furnaces have been organized within the last three months, and twelve new coke companies. Such statistics are amazing. Senator Sherman and Judge Kelley have both borne their willing testimony to the vast and gratifying change. But we may truly say that the story of the "New South" has been told more vividly, comprehensively, and connectedly than anywhere else in the illustrated articles of Harper's Weekly by the gentlemen who were despatched upon a special investigation of the subject, while in the Magazine the social aspects of the New South, with the traditions of the earlier day, have been duly treated.

It is an extraordinary contrast which the pages of the Weekly illustrating the renewed life present with the pages of a quarter of a century ago. It is a contrast over which every American can heartily rejoice, and the good feeling and brisk emulation which underlie the change are conditions which, as the Weekly has aimed to promote, so it will earnestly seek to maintain and perpetuate. But prosperous activity, happily, is not confined to the Southern States. The West is still as worthily called the Great West as in the years when its development began. The counsel of Mr. Greeley, "Go West, young man, go West," is still the instinct of enterprise and industry, and the miracles that follow are as striking as ever. The Weekly and the Magazine, friendly with Trojan as with Tyrian, and in the best sense, knowing no North or South or East or West except as a friend, now propose to add to the view of the New South a similar view of the Great West, and by papers upon Western life, education, humor, enterprise, industry, and commerce to report its actual condition and progress, as stated elsewhere in a notice of the Magazine. As the first century of the Constitution ends it is an inexpressible pleasure for every American to feel that, whether a Southerner or a Northerner, or a Westerner or an Easterner, there is no part of the country from which his views upon public questions necessarily exclude him, and that our politics are becoming the legitimate contentions of a people united in sympathy and purpose and national feeling. We have but to remember, as the President said at Philadelphia, that material prosperity alone does not elevate national character nor assure national stability. But there was never a people which more confidently than the American might hope wisely to control its own prosperity.

THE INDEPENDENTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In the autumn of 1885 it was declared that the defeat of Mr. Hill, the Democratic candidate for Governor in New York, would be equivalent to a vote of confidence in the Cleveland Administration. The reply was that while they were both Democrats, they represented wholly different principles of administration, and except for the apathy of the Blaine Republicans, who did not wish to see Mr. Davenport carry in '85 the State which Mr. Blaine had lost in '84, Mr. Hill would probably have been defeated. The Democratic Convention in Massachusetts this year has warmly praised the Administration and savagely denounced the President's views upon an important question, and has nominated a candidate and elected national delegates in full sympathy with the anti-Cleveland spirit of the Convention. This situation clearly determines the course which independent voters should pursue. Democratic success in Massachusetts would be the strongest rebuke of the President's reform views, and the independents who sympathize with these views should vote in a way to make Democratic defeat most decisive and significant.

The way to do this is that which was taken by them in 1884, and which the independent Democrats have taken in Maryland. In Massachusetts the way is to support an opposing ticket. Under the circumstances a great majority for Mr. Ames, or a great addition to the Prohibitionist vote, would be perfectly understood. In the latter case it could not be interpreted a sudden conversion to admiration of the Governor and to the party policy, as Mr. Cleveland's immense plurality of 192,000 in New York in 1882 did not mean that Republicans had become Democrats. The result in that case signified, and was universally understood to signify, merely condemnation of the frauds by which it had been sought to secure the nomination of Mr. Folger. In Maryland, the manly address of the independent Democrats, after reciting the crimes of the Democratic ring, says:

> "Under these circumstances we propose to pursue a practical course. We are engaged in the effort to defeat the so-called regular Democratic ticket in State and city. To defeat it means to elect the candidates of its adversaries. It is idle to blind our eyes to that fact or to make excuses to ourselves. If we refrain from voting the 'regular' Democratic ticket, we do it to elect the Republican ticket. Every Democrat who stays away from the polls indirectly votes for the Republican nominee. The only difference is that this does not do the work as effectually. Our 'regular' opponents laugh at the half-way measures. If we are justified in voting for the Republican nominees indirectly, let us vote for them directly, make our votes tell and our enemies respect us. We propose, as Democrats, to vote directly for the men who are running as Republicans in State and city. We shall do it without fear, and be fully responsible for our acts."

Mr. Wallis, who, with Mr. Cowan, is the leader of the movement, says that he expects to vote for Mr. Cleveland next year. He says, in effect, as Mr. Coddington said to the War Democrats in New York in 1864, "We huddle under the Lincoln shed until the storm blows by." The independents in Massachusetts may wisely do likewise if there be no personal objection to the Governor. To vote for Governor Ames is not to pronounce for protection—a question which is not involved—nor for increase of pensions, nor for liberal squandering of the surplus. It is not to approve his signature of the soldiers' exemption bill, nor any other act which they do not like. It is simply to defeat decisively the opponents of the principles of the President which the independents approve. But it is to do much more. It is to show the President that when his party denounces those

principles it is significantly defeated, and that Messrs. SALTONSTALL and CORSE represent a policy which Massachusetts sustains. It is to show him that steady and courageous fidelity to those principles is the course which intelligent voters desire and support, and to suggest to him as a Democrat that in the degree that the Democratic party abandons those principles it loses popular confidence and votes. If all the independents and all the Democrats in Massachusetts who have supported the President for his reform principles, without renouncing a single other principle or endangering any public policy which they favor, should vote for Governor AMES to assure the total defeat of the Democratic effort to coerce the President, they would do what the Maryland independent Democrats are doing, what Republicans did in New York in 1882, and what independents did throughout the country in 1884. They would place their votes "where they would do the most good," and they would leave themselves entirely free to place their Presidential votes next year wherever they may prefer.

THE BOARD OF MISSIONS.

THE recent meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Springfield disclosed once more the profound and serious difference which divides the religious body of Congregationalists which mainly supports it, and whose friendly unity is greatly strained by the contention. The Board, which is the chief agency in this country of missions to Asia and Africa, is only indirectly a representative of the prevailing sentiment of the denomination. It is composed of two hundred and twenty members, who are not elected by a congress of representatives of the Congregational body, but which fills its own vacancies, and administers a fund of about $600,000, which is contributed by the whole Congregational body. The executive agent of the Board is the Prudential Committee of ten members, with the secretary. The difference has arisen from the refusal of the Board to employ as missionaries candidates who hold that after death there may be a probation during which the heathen who have not heard the gospel in this life may have a second chance of salvation.

Whatever may be said of this doctrine, it is undeniable that it is held by many of the most eminent Congregational divines and by many of the churches which contribute to the fund, and it follows that members of such churches in full standing as orthodox Congregationalists are refused appointment as missionaries by the Prudential Committee. It may be the fact, also, that the larger part of the churches prefer that the question should not be made a test of missionary fitness, and that satisfactory qualification for church membership should be a sufficient credential of fitness for missionary work. However this may be, the will of the Board, not of the contributing churches, governs, and, apparently, until the views of the self-perpetuating Board change, the present policy will continue. That they will not probably soon change is shown by the fact that at the late meeting the Board filled thirteen vacancies by electing members in harmony with the views of the majority, without giving a single representative to the differing party, and elected them before the decisive vote was taken which sustained the Prudential Committee by a majority of ninety-five to forty-three. Vigorous and earnest protests were made by the younger and accomplished theologians like Professor FISHER, of Yale, and also by clergymen who do not hold the disturbing view, but believe that it should not be allowed to be a cause of disturbance by accepting as qualified missionaries those whom the church councils approve.

The meeting of the Board, which includes representatives of a great number of Congregational churches which may discuss but cannot vote, was the largest and most interesting ever held. The debates were very ardent and able, and revealed, among other facts, so significant a one as that there is no Congregational pastor in Boston, except perhaps one, who could be accredited as a missionary under the present ruling of the Board. This is true of other churches, and how long they will be willing to contribute to missions for which their own pastors are not held to be qualified is an important question. There was profound feeling over the result. The dissidents did not conceal their strong conviction of the unwisdom of the decision, and some said significantly that there were other missionary agencies to which money might be given. But there seemed to be no general purpose of withdrawal, while there was a very decided belief that the more liberal view would ultimately prevail. The difference, however, is very grave, like that of a change of the name of the Church in the American Episcopal communion. The younger Congregationalists are understood to be generally friendly to the liberal view, and the action of the Board would seem to constitute it a body pronouncing *ex cathedra* upon the Congregational faith. Religious differences of this kind are usually very positive and resolute, and the situation, therefore, must be regarded as critical for the unity of Congregational action.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November Mr. HOWELLS'S "April Hopes" is finished, an exquisitely delicate study of human character and the play of human feeling, and like his "Indian Summer," to which it is a pendant, a beautiful illustration of that realism which is softly hued with imagination, and whose profound pathos is simple and natural as in actual experience. Miss O'MEARA'S delightful "Narka" is also ended in this number, which in the variety of the papers and the felicity of the copious illustrations is a thoroughly characteristic issue of the MAGAZINE.

The announcement of the Christmas HARPER foretells a magazine worthy of the great holiday. The voices which will be heard in HARPER'S Christmas choir are those of CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, and ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, and Mark Twain, and HOWELLS, and EDWARD EVERETT HALE, and ALDRICH, and AMÉLIE RIVES, and WILL CARLETON, and ANDREW LANG, and Captain CHARLES KING, and FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR, and HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and F. W. BURBRIDGE. ABBEY illustrates a poem of PRAED'S, and REINHART and ALFRED PARSONS, DIELMAN and FROST and GILBERT GAUL, ZOGBAUM and BARNARD, join their various skill; while GEORGE F. KUNZ'S paper upon precious stones in the United States will be brilliantly illustrated by a full-page plate of gems printed in colors, the very regalia of old Christmas upon his throne. It will be a striking and splendid number, as becomes the opening of a volume which will aim to surpass all other volumes of the great popular MAGAZINE.

The further progress of the art of wood-engraving will be completely illustrated upon its pages as fast as that progress is made. The illustrations will be the work of the most eminent artists, whose names are familiar to the readers of the MAGAZINE. The treatment of essentially American subjects is characteristic of HARPER, and in this branch its attention during the next year will be devoted especially to the great central States of the West. Every aspect of Western life will be in part presented by Western writers, and copiously illustrated by portraits of men and women conspicuous in the marvellous story of Western development. The condition of industry everywhere will command its attention, and the reader need not doubt that the same comprehensive and generous perception of the true aims of an American popular literary magazine which have made HARPER what it is will continue to control it. As its great diocese of readers increases, the larger resources of art and literature enable it more satisfactorily to answer their demands, and it means for many a year—at least it hopes—

> "as no unwelcome guest
> At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted,
> To have its place reserved among the rest,
> Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

REFORM IN COURT.

THE attempt made by the Legislature of Massachusetts to destroy the efficiency of the reform law in that State has been partially baffled by the opinion of the Supreme Bench, six Justices agreeing and Judge DEVENS dissenting. An amendment to the law of 1885 was adopted exempting soldiers and sailors from examination, and it was claimed by the enemies of the reformed system that this permitted an appointing officer to select any soldier or sailor at his discretion, and without certification from the Commission.

But the Court points out clearly that the new statute is merely an amendment to the old, exempting soldiers and sailors from examination, but not from the other requirements of the act, including that of certification by the Commission. The result is that all such applicants must conform to the rules of application established by the Commission, and if they express a desire to be exempted from the examination they will be so exempted. But no such applicant can be appointed without first satisfying the Commission in regard to his character, habits, and capacity for performing the duties of the office.

This is obviously the fair construction of the law as affected by the amendment. If the framers of the amendment did their work so bunglingly as partially to defeat their own purpose, they will have no more sympathy than other demagogues. In Haverhill, Massachusetts, a soldier was certified to the Mayor for appointment, and he set him aside as unfit. But the Mayor could not rightfully assume a dispensing power, and if the law compelled the appointment he should have delayed the appointment until he had submitted the facts to the Commission. This case also will go to the courts. On all sides the good fight goes on, and the good cause with it.

SOUND VIEWS.

IN his speech at Chickering Hall Senator EVARTS said that "the general judgment of the American people is that you must vote for your principles and for those who agree with you in principle." That is to say, the American people think that you should be honest. Why, then, did Senator EVARTS laugh at the Scratchers in 1879 as "voting in the air"? They were not only honest, but they had what every voter and orator in that campaign did not have, the courage of honesty, and voted in the air rather than vote dishonestly.

So in 1884 he argued that a man must vote with his party, but in a way which seemed to imply that he must vote for anybody whom his party might nominate, fit or unfit. This is a doctrine so totally subversive of the honesty which he now truly says the American people require, that he must have meant merely that a man must vote with his party unless he thought its candidate personally unfit. This shows how good a Mugwump the Senator is. His fundamental position that men should vote for their principles is perfectly sound. But can it be the principle of honorable men and good citizens to vote for unfit candidates because they are regularly nominated?

When the Senator says that an excessive taxation of $100,000,000 is only about three cents a week upon the whole population, does he mean the statement as an argument for excessive taxation? and if not, what is the pertinence of the remark? A surplus of $300,000,000 would be only nine cents weekly per head. Would that be an excuse for it, or satisfy the people who were compelled needlessly to pay it? Senator EVARTS evidently has an eye upon those whom he calls eloping Republicans, but he has the happy consciousness of knowing that not only did they not vote in the air in 1884, but that they will not disappoint the American people in 1888, because they will vote for their principles, and therefore not for any candidate who does not represent them.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NEW YORK ON THE POWER TO APPOINT.

THE Attorney-General of New York holds that the civil service law does not apply to the subordinates of the Superintendent of Public Works, because the Constitution gives him the power to appoint and remove them. If the Attorney-General had consulted the decision of the Court of Appeals in the case of the People *v.* Clute, 50 N. Y., 451, he would have found that the Court holds that the constitutional right of an elector in the use of the ballot may be limited in respect to the number from whom his selection for public office may be made. The power to appoint is not more sacred than the right to vote. Both are protected by the Constitution; but if the right to vote may be regulated, the right to appoint must be subject to the same control.

This is also the position ably taken in the second report of the New York State Civil Service Commission, which holds that a delegated power to appoint a public officer is an authority to select a qualified person for the position. The mere power of appointment does not carry the right to determine the qualifications of the appointee, any more than to fix the compensation and to prescribe the duties of the office. The Constitution is the paramount law, but it is only a law emanating from the same source as statute law, only in a different manner. These are conclusive considerations which seem to have escaped the observation of the Attorney-General.

The report to which we have referred says indisputably that where the Constitution prescribes qualifications for an office, or confers upon an officer, in express terms, the unlimited power of appointment, the Legislature cannot interfere. But where the Constitution neither creates the office nor prescribes the qualifications, but merely recognizes the existence of a statutory office, and gives to another office the power to fill it by appointment, the whole subject of qualifications, tenure, compensation, and duties remains with the Legislature for its regulation. In view of the obviously unsound opinion of the Attorney-General, it is very desirable to have an authoritative interpretation of this point by the Court of Appeals. The Attorney-General's opinion is liable to such construction as practically to vacate the whole reform law.

PERSONAL.

EDMUND DWYER GREY, the editor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, who is now in this country, is forty-two years of age, and has been the editor of this the leading daily paper of Ireland since the death of his father twelve years ago. Mr. GREY is slender of figure and of medium height. His face is thin but ruddy, and he wears a brown beard. He suffers so severely from bronchitis that he can never address out-of-door meetings, but as a platform speaker he is said to be unusually convincing.

—Mr. JOHN H. INMAN is acting as guide, philosopher, and friend of the Presidential party in their progress from Memphis through the most active and thriving section of the South. The President could have no more genial and well-informed cicerone than Mr. INMAN, nor one who is more closely identified with the new phase of Southern development.

—Postmaster-General VILAS'S house at Madison, Wisconsin, where the President and his wife were entertained, was bought by him some years ago. It is a roomy, old-fashioned edifice, two stories in height, with a hall running through the centre. It is built of brick, trimmed with white stone, and its walls are sixteen inches thick. The house faces the east, and stands on a knoll, surrounded by six or seven acres of forest trees. From the rear the grounds slope down to Lake Mendota. During the visit of the Presidential party the house was decorated with red, white, and blue streamers, and a huge flag waved from a pole on the roof. Temporary gas fixtures with globes of red, white, and blue were set up among the trees, and added a patriotic appearance to the place.

—Captain E. M. HAYES, of the Fifth United States Cavalry, enlisted WILLIAM F. CODY, better known as "Buffalo Bill," as his scout during the war. Captain HAYES has recently received a characteristic letter from Mr. CODY, in which he speaks of his army days as the happiest of his life, and looks back with a smile to the time when his pay amounted to only seventy-five dollars a month. "Now," he writes, "I kick worse than any quartermaster's mule ever kicked if I don't clear a thousand dollars a day, and yet I am not so happy or proud as I was when I rode at the head of the gallant old Fifth, the best cavalry regiment any army ever produced."

—Governor OGLESBY, of Illinois, who is just now being watched with particular attention to see what he will do in the case of the Chicago Anarchists, was born in Kentucky in 1842. He began his career as a carpenter at $1 50 a day. He received less than a regular course of common-school education, yet after he had worked for some time at the bench he made a strike for the bar. After practising law for a while he fought in the Mexican war, and was one of the California gold-diggers of '49. When he came back from digging gold he entered the political arena, and has been three times elected Governor of Illinois.

—The late Colonel TOM BEAN, of Texas, whose millions of dollars have roused scores of real and fraudulent heirs, went to Texas before the war, and without a penny in his pockets. He began by surveying land, and finally getting possession of it. He was frugal and eccentric. Even after he made his money he lived in a little one-roomed hut, with negroes for companions. He lived the life of a hermit, and took his pleasures out of his eccentricities.

—The late Duca di Campo Felice, whose hospitable doors in Paris were always thrown open to Americans, has left a collection of musical instruments worth a million francs. The Duke was the husband of one of the wives of SINGER, of sewing-machine fame, who had a fortune in her own right of seven million dollars. When she first saw him he was a singer on the operatic stage. She fell in love with him, married him, and bought him a title.

DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THE tempter, as God's legends tell—
Allowed on earth to roam—
Crushed that which Woman loves so well,
Her sweet and sacred home.
From Eden, lost through his black art,
She wandered out forlorn;
She cursed him in her gentle heart
With meek but deadly scorn.
And since, in varied guise of sin,
He works his hateful will,
And reappears to-day within
The serpent of the still.

He comes not now in subtle mood—
With smiles, as long ago—
Enticing her by honeyed food,
And mysteries she may know;
He makes insulting, swift advance
Into her bright home-nest,
Admitted and embraced, perchance,
By those she loves the best.
He brings the world where he must dwell,
Her days and nights to fill,
Transmuting Paradise to Hell—
This serpent of the still!

He twines about her trembling life,
And soils it with his slime;
He fills the hours with foolish strife,
He sows the seeds of crime.
And Poverty and fierce Disease,
And Hunger and Disgrace,
And Death by death-empanged degrees,
Are in his cold embrace.
To grieve, to hurt, to rend, to smite,
To ruin, and to kill,
Are leaden links of his delight—
The serpent of the still!

Rouse, Woman, in your quiet power,
Your heart's man-withering frown,
Your hand that rules the festal hour,
And crush the monster down!
You shape the human form and soul,
You mark the infant's way,
Youth's fancy you can oft control,
Man's action you can sway:
Bend every blessing of your life
To fight its deadliest ill!
Strike—daughter, maiden, widow, wife—
This serpent of the still!

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PHŒBE IS STILL FURTHER ENTRAPPED.

When Phœbe recovered her senses she found herself in her bedroom, with Mrs. Pamflett in attendance upon her. She was so dazed and confused that for a few minutes she could not recall what had transpired, but presently she remembered, and she burst into tears.

"There! there!" said Mrs. Pamflett, smoothing the young girl's hair with her hand. "Don't take on so! Everything will come right, and you will soon be as happy as a bird."

Surprised at Mrs. Pamflett's tender tone and gentle manner, Phœbe dried her eyes and gazed upon her father's house-keeper.

"Then they are still here?" said Phœbe.

"Who, my pet?" asked Mrs. Pamflett.

"My aunt and—and Mr. Cornwall."

"No," replied Mrs. Pamflett, still speaking with tenderness; "they have gone; and it is to be hoped that they will never come back."

"'Gone'!" exclaimed Phœbe. "'They will never come back'!"

"If they do," said Mrs. Pamflett, hovering officiously about Phœbe, "it will be worse for them. They have been found out at last. You have had a narrow escape. While you were lying in a fainting condition on the ground your father unmasked them, and compelled them to confess that all their pretended kindness to you was done to wring money out of him, only because they thought he was rich. He *is* rich, my pet, and can make a lady of you; and so can Jeremiah, who is dying of love for you, and who is the cleverest man and the finest gentleman in England. We shall all be as happy as the day is long, and you will bring comfort to your father, who is suffering a martyrdom, and who has the first claim on your heart. Yes, my pet, you have had a narrow escape—a narrow escape! I shall give thanks for it before I go to bed to-night."

Phœbe fixed her clear, honest eyes upon the white face of Mrs. Pamflett, who made an impotent attempt to return the gaze with equal frankness.

"I remember everything now," said Phœbe, in a tone of forced calmness. "My father turned my dear friends out of the house!"

"He did turn them away. But to call them your dear friends after what they said! Phœbe, Phœbe, you are too simple and confiding. You should be angry; you should cast them off, as your father has done."

"'After what they said'! What did they say? I heard not a word which they should not have spoken."

"That was their artfulness and wickedness. They have been playing upon you all through. It was while you were unconscious and could not hear what was spoken that your false aunt, Mrs. Lethbridge—"

"Stop!" cried Phœbe; "I will not hear her called so. If you wish to tell me anything that passed after I fainted you can do so, but I will not listen to you if you speak against those I love."

"You will not love them long," said Mrs. Pamflett, composedly, "if you have a daughter's feelings. Your aunt confessed to your father that the reason she had welcomed you at her house was because she looked for a proper return in money from him. Why, my pet—"

"Mrs. Pamflett!" cried Phœbe, interrupting her again.

"Yes, pet?"

"You have never used that term of endearment to me before," said Phœbe, resolutely, "and I should prefer you would not do so now."

"You would prefer!" exclaimed Mrs. Pamflett, softly, but the artificial crust of tenderness was beginning to be broken by her true deceitful nature. "But then you are only a child—your father's daughter, who has authority over you. You may not quite know what is good for you. And so, pet, your aunt confessed the whole plot. Would you be surprised to hear that she has kept an account of everything she has done for you, of every meal you have eaten, of every night you have slept at her house, and that she is going to send it in to your father?"

"I should be very much surprised," said Phœbe.

"You will find it true. Oh, the artfulness, the deceitfulness of women! Men are almost as bad—at least some of them are. There are exceptions; Jeremiah is one—the soul of truth and honor—and as for cleverness, there's no saying how clever he is. Said your father to that scheming lawyer, Mr. Cornwall, who has been playing upon your feelings, and who is employed by your aunt to ruin us all—said your father to him, while you were lying on the ground: 'There is my daughter. You have come to ask my consent to her marriage with you. You are free to take her; but, knowing what you are, I will not give you one penny of my money with her!' 'What!' cried the lawyer; 'not one penny?' 'Not one penny,' said your father. 'If you love her, as you say you do, for herself alone, there she is; but neither now nor at any time, before or after my death, shall one penny of my hard-earned money go into your pocket.' 'In that case,' said the fine lawyer, 'I will have nothing to do with her.' Then your father burst into a passion, and I am certain that if he had been a younger man he would have struck Mr. Cornwall to the earth. Jeremiah started forward to do it, but your father laid hold of him, and told him not to soil his fingers by touching such a reptile. It was as much as he could do to prevent my Jeremiah from thrashing the villain who wanted to get you in his toils. Then your father ordered your aunt and her lawyer friend out of the house, and warned them never to show their faces here again."

"You forget," said Phœbe, "my father did that in my hearing."

"And he repeated it afterward. They were glad enough to get away, my pet, and I hope that they will never annoy you again."

"Suppose, Mrs. Pamflett," said Phœbe, "that I were to write to my aunt all you have told me?"

"You are quite welcome to do so, pet. Of course she will deny it, and will invent another story to try and set herself right in your eyes. It is just on the cards, though, that she may brazen it out and admit the truth. It is a dreadful thing when one is exposed as she has been."

"Yes, it is hard to be found out," said Phœbe. "Mrs. Pamflett, I should like to be alone for a little while."

"Very well, pet. I will go; but you have only to call, and I will come immediately. I am more than your friend—I am your faithful servant. I will guard you like a mother. From this day no harm shall come to you."

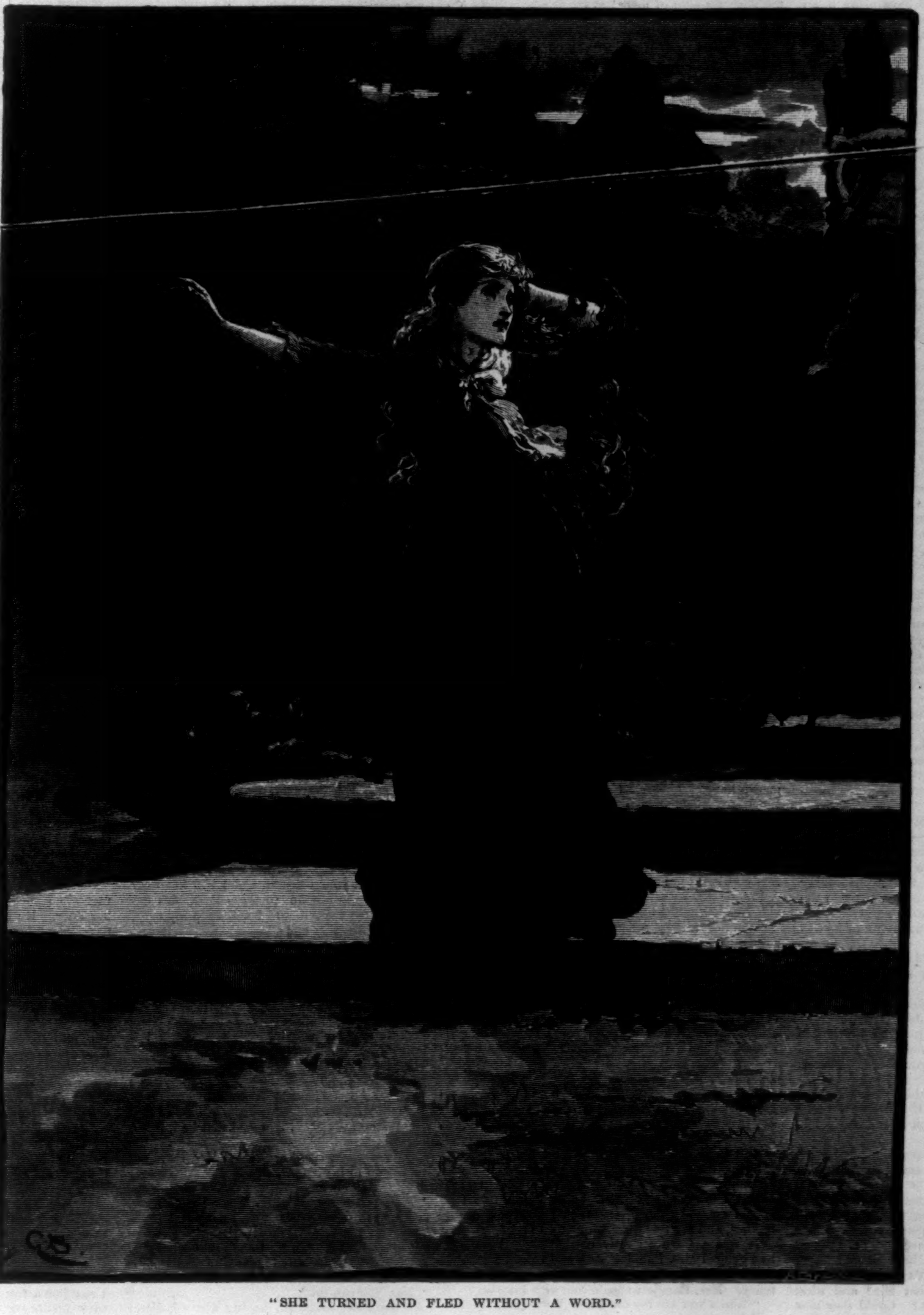
She turned to go, and standing by the door, said, "Your father wishes to see you, pet."

"I will go to him presently," said Phœbe.

Outside the door Mrs. Pamflett's face underwent a change, and showed itself in its true colors. Her thought was, "Is she trying to hoodwink me that she did not fly into a passion? What has come over her? Let her be careful—let her be careful! I can make life a torture for her."

Phœbe, indeed, was surprised at herself, and wondered how it was that she had had strength to meet Mrs. Pamflett's lies in the way she did. She well knew that they were the basest of calumnies, and she received them as such. Though all the world rose up against her aunt Leth, she would remain that dear woman's champion. And Fred—her own true lover—that Mrs. Pamflett should for a moment expect her to believe the false story she had invented! The fact was Mrs. Pamflett had overreached herself. Like a great number of less skilful artists, she had laid on the colors too thick. Had she been more delicate she might have had a greater chance of success. And yet that was scarcely likely with a girl like Phœbe, the strength of whose nature appeared to have been, as it were, latent within her until the occurrence of this crisis in her young life. She did not quite realize what it meant to her; but for the present the spirit required to meet an enemy like Mrs. Pamflett had a healthy effect upon her; it had aroused her from despondency; that, and her love for Fred, and her faith in Aunt Leth, had given her strength to listen with outward calmness to Mrs. Pamflett's fabrications. If trouble were before her, she would meet it bravely. Fred would be true to her, and she would be true to him. Aunt and Uncle Leth and her cousins would not forget her—would always love her. Her father and Mrs. Pamflett could not force her into a marriage with a man she abhorred. "Be brave, Phœbe; be brave," she whispered to herself as she walked to her father's room, "for the sake of those who love you truly."

Jeremiah Pamflett was in the miser's room when Phœbe entered. Miser Farebrother looked very ill; his face was white and pinched, his lips were drawn in. Phœbe's heart sank, and a feeling of remorse shot through her as she gazed upon his suffering face. She was his daughter—his only child—and he had a claim upon her love and obedience. Was it not her dear aunt Leth who had said as much? She knew that this plain setting forth of a child's duty to her parents was no false declaration; it was her aunt's belief. Well, she would perform her duty to the uttermost of her strength; but to one thing she was resolved.



"SHE TURNED AND FLED WITHOUT A WORD."

"Sit here," said Miser Farebrother. Phœbe took the chair he indicated; it was between him and Jeremiah Pamflett, and as she passed her enemy she drew herself carefully from him. He noted this avoidance, but made no comment upon it. At present his case was in his master's hands. "You are well?" asked Miser Farebrother.

"Not quite well, father," said Phœbe.

"But well enough," he retorted. "You have a long life before you. Look at me. How long do you think I shall live?"

"Many years, I hope, father."

"We shall see whether you do hope it. It must be plain to you that I am ill—seriously ill."

"I am very sorry, father."

"We shall see whether you are sorry. What is a man to believe in? Words? No. Actions speak, not words. False sympathy, lying protestations—what are they worth? Those who use them ought to be trodden in the mud. You hope I shall live many years. We shall see. I have not long to live, I tell you; but you can hasten my death; you can murder me."

"Father!" cried Phœbe, in terror. "Murder you!"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

"Murder me. You can do it. If I were to implore you to spare me—to let me live, would you grant my prayer, or would you carry out your wicked designs? We shall see—we shall see. You perceive that I am suffering, and you say you are sorry. We shall see. Your dead mother knows how far you are speaking the truth; I do not—as yet. It has to be made clear to me. You are my daughter, are you not?"

"Yes, father."

"What kind of love have you given me? what kind of care have you bestowed upon me? For years I have been groaning and suffering here, and you—what have you been doing? Have you attended to me, have you nursed me, have you shown one spark of a daughter's proper feelings? No, not one—not one. Gadding about, going to theatres, dancing, making light friends, laughing, singing, ministering to your vanities, while I, your father, have lain here, cut to the soul by your coldness and want of decent feeling. If it was not in you, you might have pretended it was, and I should have been deceived. It would have made it no better for you, but it might have been better for me. You know that I have a doctor attending me?"

"Yes, father."

"Have you ever asked him how I was—have you ever shown, in a single conversation with him, that you have within you those solicitous feelings which a daughter should have for a suffering father? Have you ever shown—" He did not proceed. He lay back, panting, in his chair, and Jeremiah, without looking up, thought: "What an actor he is! Oh, what an actor he is!"

"Father," said Phœbe, in deep distress, "you do me an injustice. It has always been my wish to attend to you, to nurse you, but you would never allow me. 'Let me alone! let me alone!' you said, and have always repulsed me."

"Why? why?" he asked, raising himself in his chair, and bending so excitedly forward that she was frightened, and cried:

"Don't excite yourself, father; you are not strong enough to bear it."

"I know I am not. You know it too. It is not I who am exciting myself—it is you, because you wish to kill me!" She shuddered violently, and covered her face with her hands. "Why, when you have asked me whether you could do anything for me, have I desired you to let me alone? Because I could see plainly that you wished not to be troubled about me; that you were pretending—that you were wholly false in your advances. There are a thousand things a child can do for a parent in my condition which would bring pleasure to him. Have you done one? That I am impatient, querulous, quick-tempered—is not that natural when one is in anguish day and night? Did you ever give that a thought? do you give it a thought now?"

"Father," said poor Phœbe, feeling acutely the bitter injustice of her father's accusations, and yet not knowing how to combat them without plunging him into deeper excitement, "I will nurse you if you will allow me; I will do everything in my power to restore you to health. Try me, father!"

"You do not intend to leave Parksides, then, without my permission?"

"To leave Parksides without your permission!" she echoed. "No, father!"

"For the few weeks that remain to me you will not leave the house? You will nurse me—you will soothe my last hours?"

"Oh, father, do not speak like that! I will do all you wish."

"Out of your own loving heart?"

"Yes, father, out of my own loving heart!"

"Swear it!" he cried, in a loud, commanding tone, pushing his dead wife's prayer-book to the guileless girl. "Kiss your mother's prayer-book, and prove to me whether you are lying or speaking the truth!"

In an impulse of fervor and self-reproach she kissed the prayer-book. He took it from her hands.

"You are a witness, Jeremiah," he said.

"I am a witness, sir," said Jeremiah.

"You have sworn," said Miser Farebrother to his daughter, "that you will not leave Parksides while I live, unless I drive you forth. That is your oath."

"Yes, father." But she said it with a sinking heart. It seemed to her as if a net were being spread around her, from which it was impossible to escape.

In her bed that night this impression of a forced, inexorable imprisonment became accentuated by a review of what had passed between herself and her father. For what other reason had he made her swear upon her dead mother's prayer-book that she would not leave Parksides without his permission? Could he not have taken her word? Was she to regard all that he had said as of equal value with Mrs. Pamflett's false statements? Were they all leagued against her? and what would be the end of the plot? Could they now compel her to marry Jeremiah Pamflett? No; she would endure a thousand deaths first. But she was imprisoned here in Parksides; she had no longer a will of her own. Her father had turned her only friends from his house, and he and they were the bitterest enemies; he had turned her lover from his house; she was cut off from all she held dear, and was here unprotected, at the mercy of Mrs. Pamflett and her son, and of her father, whose inexplicable behavior toward her afflicted her with shuddering doubts. Had she been aware of what transpired between her aunt Leth and her father after she had fainted in the earlier part of the day, she would not so readily have fallen into the trap her father had set for her.

When she fell to the ground Aunt Leth and Fred Cornwall started forward with sympathizing eagerness to assist her, but they were motioned sternly back by Miser Farebrother.

"I have ordered you to leave my house," he said. "I can attend to my daughter."

Sadly they turned to the door, but Aunt Leth came swiftly back.

"Listen to me, my dead sister's husband," she said, in a quick, trembling voice. "At my sister's death-bed, in this very room, I promised her to look after her child, my poor niece lying here at our feet, as tenderly as though she were one of my own. I love her as my own child, and I shall redeem my promise to my dead sister. This person"—she pointed to Jeremiah Pamflett—"to whom you say you have promised your daughter's hand, is utterly unworthy of her. She loves an honorable gentleman, and what I can do to bring about her happiness shall be done. If you have a plot against her welfare, I will endeavor to circumvent it. My heart and the hearts of my husband and children are ever open to her. Our home is hers; she can come to us at any moment, and we will receive her with joy. In this house there was never for her nor for her dead mother the slightest sign of love."

"My daughter has told you so?" demanded Miser Farebrother.

"She has not told me so," said the indignant woman. "She has always spoken of you with tenderness and gentleness. You know best how you deserved it at her hands. If she cannot find love and protection here, she can find them with me and mine." She knelt and kissed Phœbe's pale face. "My sweet child! so happy but an hour ago! Come to me if they oppress you here—my child! my daughter!"

"Bundle them out," cried Miser Farebrother, "neck and crop!"

They had no right to stay, and they left the place mournfully.

"Do not be false to Phœbe," said Aunt Leth to Fred.

"No need to say that to me, Aunt Leth," said the young fellow. "Phœbe, and no other woman, shall be my wife."

This encounter it was between Aunt Leth and Miser Farebrother which had caused the miser to extract a binding oath from Phœbe that she would not leave Parksides without his permission.

"How was that done, Jeremiah?" he asked, when his daughter left the room.

"Capitally! capitally, sir!" said Jeremiah. "What an actor you would have made!"

"Perhaps—perhaps," said Miser Farebrother, with a sneer.

"I am not half as ill as I look, Jeremiah. Don't reckon too soon upon my death. Excitement like this does me a power of good. They came to trap me, my fine lawyer and tearful sister-in-law; but I have turned the tables upon them. As I will upon every one"—with a keen look at Jeremiah—"who dares to play me false!"

It was fortunate for the miser that his managing clerk did not possess the power of striking a man dead by a glance; if he had, that moment would have been Miser Farebrother's last.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

From that day Phœbe's life in Parksides was, as Mrs. Pamflett had threatened, a torture, and had it not been that she was endowed with a certain reserved strength which lies latent in many gentle natures until a supreme occasion calls it forth, it is likely she could not have lived through the next three or four months. One day her father summoned her.

"It is time now," he said, "that our plans for your future should be finally settled. I have already waited too long."

Phœbe knew what was coming, and though she dreaded it, she had nerved herself to meet it.

"Cannot things remain as they are?" she asked.

It was impossible for her to speak with any show of affection. She had discovered that her father's wish that she should be his nurse was a mere pretence. Believing in it, she had endeavored to carry it out and to perform her duty; but the stern repulses she met with had convinced her that she had been deceived and betrayed. The oaths she had sworn were binding upon her; she knew that she could not escape from them, and that her life's happiness was blasted; but she resolved not to be beguiled by any further treachery. So she suffered in silence, and with some fortitude, praying for strength, and in some small degree finding it; but she was growing daily thinner and paler, and sometimes an impression stole upon her that her life was slowly ebbing away. "It will be better that I should die," she thought; "then I shall see my mother, and my torture will be at an end."

It was a torture subtly carried out. Phœbe had gauged Mrs. Pamflett, and had rejected with quiet scorn all attempts at an affectionate intimacy. Mrs. Pamflett repaid her with interest.

"When you are my son's wife," she said, "you will be more tractable; you will know me better, and you will love me."

"I shall never know you better," Phœbe replied, "and I shall never love you."

"Proud spirits can be broken," said Mrs. Pamflett.

"Yes," sighed Phœbe; "but I am not proud—I am only faithful; and perhaps I shall soon die."

"You will be no loss," said Mrs. Pamflett; "but before you die you will be my daughter-in-law."

At this period Miser Farebrother had not spoken to Phœbe about Jeremiah; he had left it to the young villain to make his way, and, indeed, Jeremiah had attempted to do so. But Phœbe utterly baffled him. He brought her flowers, and at her father's command she received them from his hands. An hour afterward he saw them lying on the floor or in the grounds, where she had dropped or thrown them. He arrayed himself in new suits of clothes and laid himself out for admiration, which she never bestowed upon him. He strove to draw her into conversation, and if he managed to extract a word from her it was but a word—often not even that; a look of scorn and contempt was then his reward. At meals his offers of small courtesies were disregarded. By her father's order she sat at the head of the breakfast and tea table, but she would never pass Jeremiah's cup nor accept it from him. His mean nature resented this treatment in mean ways, and after a while he indulged in sarcasms, speaking at her instead of to her; this change passed unnoticed by her; she might have been deaf and blind to everything he said and did. Two or three weeks after the visit of her aunt and Fred Cornwall to Parksides, Phœbe went to her father with a letter.

"I wish to post this letter," she said. "May I do so?"

"You have sworn not to leave Parksides without my permission," he replied. "I will not allow you to go to the village."

"I had no intention of going without your permission," she said.

He kept her so strictly to her oath that she was virtually a prisoner in Parksides.

"I will have the letter posted for you," he said.

She gave it to him, and he opened it, read it, and burnt it. No answer, of course, could come to a letter that was not sent; but Aunt Leth, of her own accord, wrote to Phœbe, very careful in what she said, because she suspected treachery, and feared that her letter might not reach Phœbe's hands. It did not; nor did letters written by Fanny. They were all opened by Miser Farebrother, read, and burnt.

"Have any letters come for me?" asked Phœbe.

"None," replied her father. "Your precious friends have forgotten you. Now that they are convinced they cannot wring any money out of me, they will have nothing more to do with you."

She did not tell him that she knew he was guilty of an untruth. She had the firmest belief in her aunt's constancy, and this, to some extent, was a comfort to her; but the pain and the grief that lay in silence were very bitter. She never ceased thinking of her lover; that was the keenest torture of all. For when weeks had passed in this way she argued with herself how could any young man, how could even Fred, be faithful to one who was as dead to him? Perhaps the greatest terror she experienced during these unhappy weeks arose out of a dream. She dreamt that her father was dead, and she woke up with a strange feeling of ease. Would she, then, rejoice in his death? "Am I growing wicked and revengeful?" she asked of herself in the silence of the night. "Cruel as he is, he is still my father. Send death to me, and end this misery!" It was a prayer to God, and as she grew daily weaker and thinner it seemed as if her prayer would be answered.

So now when her father sent for her, and told her that it was time the plans he had formed for her future should be carried out, she answered, "Cannot things remain as they are?"

"They cannot," said Miser Farebrother. "Mr. Pamflett will come here this evening, and will sleep here to-night. To-morrow morning he will go to London to attend to the business, and in the evening he will return. Before to-morrow night is over you will accept him for your husband."

"I will never do that," said Phœbe.

"You have sworn to obey me," he said, sternly.

"I have not," she said, in as steady a voice as she could command. "I have sworn never to marry without your consent, and I will keep my oath. I have sworn not to leave Parksides unless you thrust me out, and I will keep my oath. There my obligation ends."

"What objection have you to Mr. Pamflett?" he asked.

"I hate and abhor him," said Phœbe, firmly. "He is not a man; he is a reptile."

The door opened, and Mrs. Pamflett appeared.

"Come in," cried Miser Farebrother, "and hear what this ungrateful child calls your son. Repeat it in her hearing," he said to Phœbe.

The girl did not speak.

"I will tell you," said Miser Farebrother, "and if she denies it she lies. I asked her what objection she had to Jeremiah, and she answered that she hated and abhorred him, and that he was not a man but a reptile."

"Did you say that?" exclaimed Mrs. Pamflett, with venom in her voice and eyes.

Phœbe was silent.

"That is the proof," said Miser Farebrother. "If she did not say it she would deny it."

"My son a reptile!" said Mrs. Pamflett; "then what am I—his mother? I shall remember it!"

"Do you want me any longer?" asked Phœbe of her father.

"No; you can go."

At tea time, Jeremiah having arrived, Miser Farebrother sent for his daughter. She sat at the table and poured out the tea. Dark rims were around her eyes, her lips were quivering; but there was no pity for her. They talked of business matters; according to Jeremiah, money was being made fast; profitable negotiations had been entered into that day, and the miser gloated as he jotted down figures and calculated interest.

"Things are looking up, Jeremiah," he said, in a tone of exultation.

"That they are, sir," said Jeremiah. "Everything is going on swimmingly."

Could the thoughts which were harassing him have been read, could his mind have been laid bare, Miser Farebrother would have been aghast. Jeremiah was in a sea of difficulties; he had spread nets for others, they were closing around himself. The accounts he presented to his master were false; the negotiations he had entered into were inventions; the bills he exhibited were forged. There were only two roads of safety for him—one, his speedy marriage with Phœbe; the other, his master's death. His mother was filled with apprehension, for, having a better knowledge of his guilty nature than the others, she divined that he was in some deep trouble.

After tea the miser said, "Jeremiah, you have something in your pocket for my daughter."

Jeremiah produced it—a piece of silver tissue-paper, from which he took a ring.

"It is an engagement ring," said Miser Farebrother. "Give it to Phœbe."

He offered it to her, and she did not raise her hand.

"Take it!" cried Miser Farebrother.

Phœbe took it, and flung it away.

Miser Farebrother rose slowly to his feet. One hand rested on the table, in the other he held his crutch-stick.

"Pick it up!" he said, sternly.

Phœbe did not move.

"Pick it up!" he cried again.

Still Phœbe made no motion. Trembling with passion, he lifted his crutch-stick and struck her across the neck. It was a cruel blow, and it left a long red streak upon the girl's fair neck. She tottered, and almost fell to the ground, but she straightened herself, and uttered no word.

"If I were dead," he said, "you could marry your gentleman lawyer."

"If he would have me," Phœbe replied, in a low, firm tone. "I should then not be bound by my oath."

"You hear!" he exclaimed, appealing to Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah. "She wishes for my death, and would bring it about if she could in order that she might be free to disgrace me!"

They heard; but Phœbe did not. The pain of the blow was great, and she could scarcely bear it. Blinding tears rushed into her eyes.

"Go from my sight!" said Miser Farebrother. "And bear this in mind: my word is law. You will marry the gentleman I have chosen for you, or my curse shall rest upon you till your dying day! My death alone shall accomplish your guilty desire."

Thereafter there was no peace for her. There was something devilish in the ingenuity displayed by her enemies to torture her soul. There are women, strong women, whom it would have driven to madness; but from this despair Phœbe was mercifully saved. "I will bear it; I will bear it," she murmured, "till the end comes. I must preserve my reason. When I am dead, Aunt Leth will drop a flower on my grave. And Mr. Cornwall, perhaps, will think with sorrow of the poor girl whose heart is his for ever and ever!" She never thought of him now as "Fred"; he was too far removed from her; all was over between them, but she would be faithful to him to the last. She intrenched herself in silence, never opening her lips to Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah, and never to her father unless he addressed her and compelled her to reply. From the day he struck her she did not call him "father." She did not regard him as such; her heart was a heart of tenderness, but his merciless conduct had deadened it to him. She thought frequently of her mother, and prayed aloud to that pure spirit. "Take me, mother," she cried, "take your unhappy child from this hard world!" So months passed, her cross becoming harder to bear with every rising sun. Then it was that Phœbe began to fear that in the cruel, unequal fight her reason might be wrecked. At length a crisis came.

During the day her father had been more than usually savage toward her. In the evening he ordered her to her room. She went willingly, and undressing, retired to bed.

She did not know what time of the night it was when she heard her father's voice outside her door. He had tried the handle, but Phœbe never went to bed now without turning the key in the lock.

"Answer me! answer me!" cried her father.

"What do you want?" she asked, sitting up in bed.

"You! Dress this instant, and come out!"

She rose from her bed, and dressed hurriedly, without lighting a candle. Then she went to the door and opened it.

"Assist me to my room," he said, in his cold, cruel voice.

He leant upon her with such force that he almost bore her down. They reached his room.

"Attend to my words," he said; "they may be the last that will ever pass between us. There is ruin on all sides of me. Whom should I trust, if not you? Once more I ask if you will obey me."

"In everything," said Phœbe, "except—"

He did not allow her to finish.

"Except in the way I wish. I will put an end to this. You walk like a ghost about the house. I see you in my dreams. You come, you and your mother, who was like you, a pale, sickly creature, and stand by my bedside in the night. I saw her a few minutes since, and I will submit to it no longer. I will rid myself of you both, now and forever! Again, will you obey me?"

"Not in the way you wish," replied Phœbe.

"In what other way can you satisfy me? You know well, in no other way. You will not?"

"I will not."

With all his strength—with more than his ordinary strength, for he was excited to a furious pitch—he struck her in the face.

"Will you obey me?"

"No."

He struck her again, a frightful blow.

"I call down a curse upon you!" he cried. "You are no longer a child of mine. I drive you from my house. Go, this moment, or I shall kill you!"

She turned and fled without a word. Out into the passage, down the stairs, out of the house, and into the open, quivering, bleeding, and staggering blindly on through the darkness of night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

PRESENTED BY GEORGE W. CHILDS.

AMERICAN interest in Stratford-upon-Avon springs out of a love for the works of Shakespeare certainly as profound and passionate as that of the most sensitive and reverent of the poet's own countrymen. It was the father of American literature—it was Washington Irving—who in modern times made the first pilgrimage to that Holy Land, and set the good example, which since has been followed by thousands, of worship at the shrine of Shakespeare. It was an American—it was the alert and expeditious Mr. Barnum—who by suddenly proposing to buy the Shakespeare cottage and transfer it to America frightened the English into buying it as a treasure for the nation. It is, in part, to Americans that Stratford owes the picturesque and useful Shakespeare Memorial; for while the land on which it stands was given by that liberal and public-spirited citizen of Stratford, Mr. Charles E. Flower—a kindly gentleman and a sound and fine Shakespeare scholar, as his acting edition of seventeen of the plays may testify—and while money to pay for the building of it was freely contributed by rich residents of Warwickshire, and by men of all ranks throughout the kingdom, the gifts and labors of Americans were not lacking to that good cause. Mr. Edwin Booth was one of the earliest contributors to the Memorial Fund. The names of Mr. Herman Vezin, Mr. M. D. Conway, Mr. W. H. Reynolds, Mrs. Bateman, and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton appear in the first list of its subscribers. Miss Kate Field worked for its advancement with remarkable energy and practical success. Miss Mary Anderson acted for its benefit on August 29, 1885, giving in its own theatre the first performance of Rosalind that she ever gave, and like Mr. Edwin Booth she is now one of the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Association. In the Church of the Holy Trinity, on the brink of the lovely Avon, where Shakespeare's dust is buried, a beautiful stained window, illustrative of that solemn epitome of human life which the poet gives in the speech of Jaques on the seven ages of man, evinces the practical devotion of the American pilgrim; and this assuredly thrills his heart with reverent joy when he sees the soft light streaming through its pictured panes fall gently on the poet's grave.

Wherever in Stratford you come upon anything that was ever associated, even remotely, with the name and fame of Shakespeare, there you will surely find the gracious tokens of American homage. The libraries of the Birthplace and of the Memorial alike contain gifts of American books. New Place and Anne Hathaway's Cottage are never omitted from the American traveller's round of visitations and duty of practical tribute. The Falcon, with its store of relics; the old romantic Shakespeare Inn, with its rambling passages, its quaint rooms named after Shakespeare's characters, its antique bar parlor, and Mrs. Justin's fine collection of autographs and pictures; the Grammar-School, in which it is more than likely that the poet, "with shining morning face" of boyhood, was once a pupil; Mr. Marshall's Antiquarian Workshop, from which so many of the best souvenirs of Stratford proceed—a warm remembrance of his own quaintness, kindness, and originality being perhaps the most precious of them; the Town-Hall, adorned with Gainsborough's eloquent portrait of Garrick, to which no engraving does any sort of justice; the Guild Chapel; the Clopton Bridge; the Old Mill; the foot-path across fields and roads to Shottery, bosomed in great elms; and the ancient house of many gables, four miles away, at Wilmecote, which was the home of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother—each and every one of these storied places receives in turn the tribute of the wandering American, and each repays him a hundredfold in charming suggestiveness of association, in high thought, and in the lasting impulse of sweet and soothing poetic reverie. At the Red Horse Inn, where Mr. Colbourne maintains all the traditions, without any of the discomforts, of old-fashioned English hospitality, he finds his home, well pleased to sit and dream in Washington Irving's parlor, while the night deepens, and the clock in the distant tower murmurs drowsily in its sleep. Those who will may mock at his enthusiasm. He would not feel it but for the spell that Shakespeare's genius has cast upon the world. He ought to be glad and grateful that he can feel that spell; and since he does feel it, nothing could be more natural than his desire to signify that he too, though born far away from the old home of his race, and separated from it by three thousand miles of stormy ocean, has still his part in the divine legacy of Shakespeare, the treasure and the glory of the English tongue.

A fresh token of this American sentiment and a new object of interest to the pilgrim in Stratford is supplied by the Jubilee gift of a drinking fountain which has been made to that city by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. It never is a surprise to hear of some new instance of that good man's constant activity and splendid generosity in good works; it is only an accustomed pleasure. With fine-art testimonials in the Old World as well as at home his name will always be honorably associated. About ten years ago he presented a superb window of stained glass to Westminster Abbey to commemorate in the Poet's Corner George Herbert and William Cowper. He has just given to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where Skelton was entombed, and where was buried the headless body of Sir Walter Raleigh, a pictorial window commemorative of John Milton. His fountain at Stratford was dedicated on October 17th, with appropriate ceremonies conducted by the city's Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, of Clopton Hall, and amid general rejoicing. The countrymen of Mr. Childs are not a whit less interested in this structure than the community that it was intended to honor and benefit. They will observe with satisfaction and pride that he has made this beneficent, beautiful, and opulent offering to a town which, for all of them, is hallowed by exalted associations, and for many of them is endeared by delightful memories. They will sympathize also with the motive and feeling that prompted him to offer his gift as one among many memorials of the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. It is not every man who knows how to give with grace, and the good deed is "done double" that is done at the right time. Stratford has long been in need of such a fountain as Mr. Childs has given, and therefore it will meet a public want, at the same time that it serves a purpose of ornamentation and bespeaks and strengthens a bond of international sympathy. Rother Market Place, in which the structure stands, is the most considerable open tract or square in Stratford, and is situated near to the centre of the town, on the west side. There, as also at the intersection of High and Bridge streets, which are the principal thoroughfares of the city, the farmers, at stated intervals, range their beasts and wagons and hold a market. It is easy to foresee that Rother, as now embellished, with this superb monument, which combines a convenient clock tower, a place of rest and refreshment for man, and commodious drinking troughs for horses, cattle, dogs, and sheep, will soon become the agricultural centre of the region.

The base of the monument is made of Peterhead granite; the superstructure is of gray stone from Bolton, in Yorkshire. The height of the tower is fifty feet. On the north side a stream of water flowing constantly from a bronze spout falls into a polished granite basin. On the south side a door opens into the interior. The decorations include sculptures of the arms of Great Britain alternated with the eagle and stripes of the American republic. In the second story of the tower, lighted by glazed arches, is placed a clock, and on the outward faces of the third story appear four dials. There are four turrets surrounding a central spire, each surmounted with a gilded vane. The inscriptions at the base are these:

I.

The gift of an American citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria.

II.

In her days every man shall eat, in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known: and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Henry VIII., Act V., Scene IV.

III.

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.
Timon of Athens, Act I., Scene II.

IV.

Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions.—*Washington Irving's Stratford-on-Avon.*

At this time of the year the autumn in England is well advanced, and all the country ways of lovely Warwickshire are strewn with fallen leaves. But the cool winds of October are sweet and bracing, the dark waters of the Avon, shimmering in mellow sunlight and frequent shadow, flow merrily past the hallowed church, and the reaped and gleaned and empty meadows invite to many a healthful ramble far and wide over the country of Shakespeare. It is a good time to be there. Nor will the robust pedestrian make his jaunt to Charlecote Park and Hampton Lucy, to Stoneleigh Abbey, to Warwick and Kenilworth, to Guy's Cliff, with its weird avenue of semi-blasted trees, to the Blacklow Hill, where sometimes at still midnight the shuddering peasant hears the ghostly funeral bell of Sir Piers Gaveston sounding ruefully from out the black and gloomy woods, and to many another historic haunt and high poetic shrine. All the country-side is full of storied resorts and cozy nooks and comfortable inns. But neither now nor hereafter will it be otherwise than grateful and touching to such an explorer of haunted Warwickshire to see, among the emblems of poetry and romance which are its chief glory, this new token of American sentiment and friendship, the Drinking Fountain of Stratford.

WILLIAM WINTER.

POEM

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

FOR THE

DEDICATION OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Welcome, thrice welcome, is thy silvery gleam,
Thou long-imprisoned stream!
Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads
As plashing rain-drops to the flowery meads,
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds!
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,
Leap forth to life and light;
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam.

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
Than from thy chalice flows;
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,
Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair
Braids her loose-flowing hair,
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose,
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveller stay his weary feet
To seek thy calm retreat;
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
That brooded o'er the day,
While flocking round them troops of children meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends
In toil that never ends,
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,
Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein
Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane;
Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot
Find his small needs forgot—
Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends!

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,
And skimming swallows dip,
And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes
Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes
Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms;
Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink
At the full basin's brink,
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,
Far from his listening throng,
Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;
Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,
No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing.
These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim
Whose tuneless voice would shame,
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong
The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!
What ghosts made real rise!
The dead return—they breathe—they live again,
Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,
Fresh from the springs of Shakespeare's quickening brain!
The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst
Here found the sunbeams first;
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
To all this bounteous wave,
With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught;
Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought
From the far home of brothers' love, unbought!
Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled
With storied shrines of old,
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave.

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two,
But heart to heart is true!
Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest
Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
Its gracious drops shall lend—
Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
And love make one the old home and the new.

August 29, 1887.

THE WRECKERS OF THE COAST.

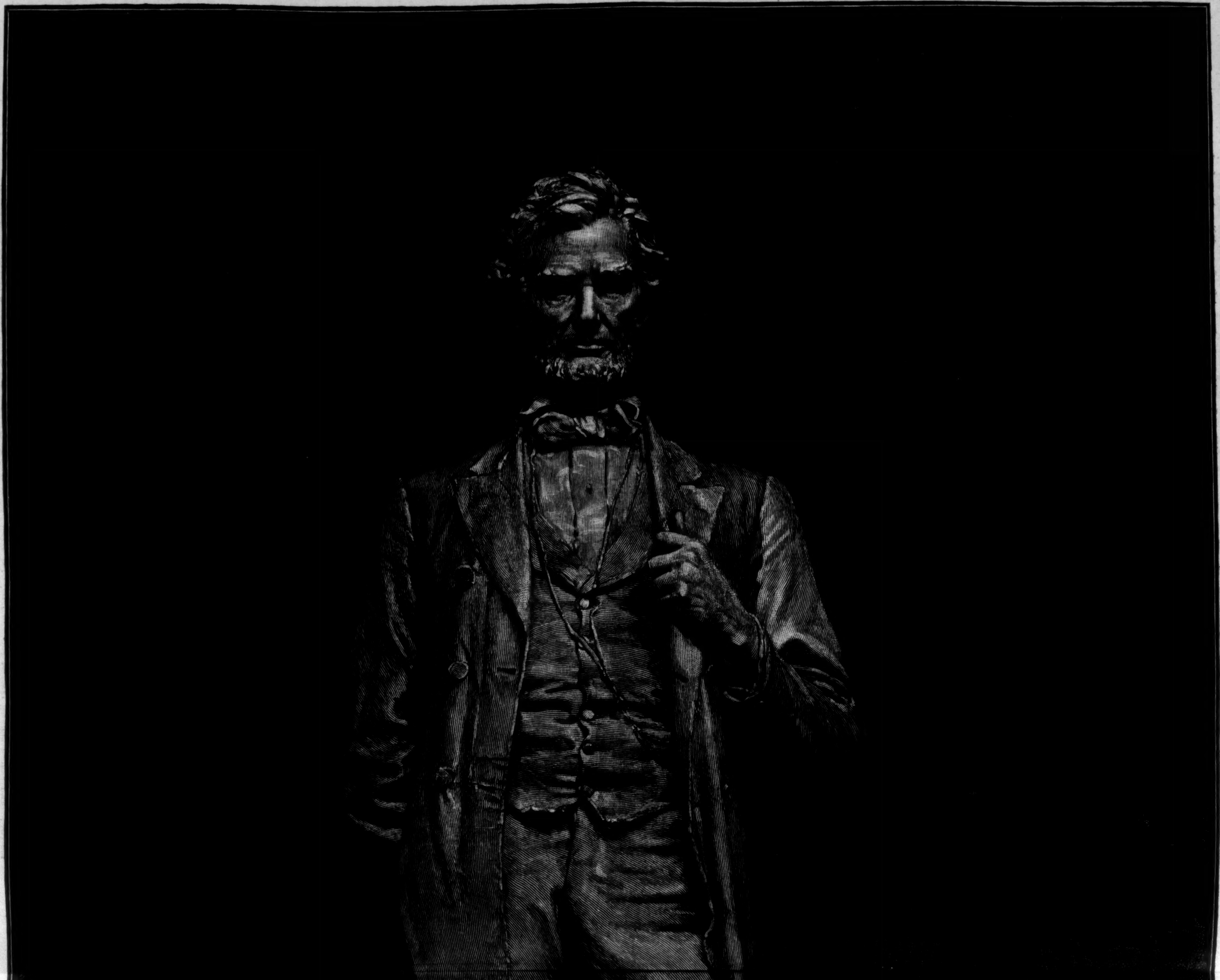
CLOSELY identified with the pirates of our coast in earlier days there existed a numerous class of men who, while they carried on their unlawful work of accumulating stolen goods, seemed to be in a certain way protected by the government, and encouraged in their work by the then existing salvage laws. One-third of everything that was saved from a disabled ship cast upon the beaches by the heavy gales went to those who risked their lives in the rescue, and the tempting reward induced many a hardy and honest fisherman in earlier days to make extraordinary efforts to reach the vessels in danger. Instead of being satisfied with one-third of the cargo of the wrecked ship, the fishermen would often seize everything, and before the vigilant government officials could reach the scene of the disaster all things of value would be appropriated by the greedy rescuers. It did not take long for the more reckless dwellers on the sea-coast to go one step farther in their work, and lure the ships to destruction. On foggy nights they left the fishing villages in parties of twos and threes, carrying with them little else besides their oil-cloth overcoats and heavy coils of rope. On the beach the parties would meet, and the false beacon-light would be set. The boom of a gun above the thunder of the sea would arouse them from their inactivity. A half-hour of quiet suspense would then follow, which was generally terminated by some monster billow raising an unfortunate ship high in the air for an instant, and then laying it across a sunken rock, or dashing it pitilessly on a half-submerged reef. The work of plunder then began, and the shrieks and pleadings of the half-drowned passengers fell on deaf ears.

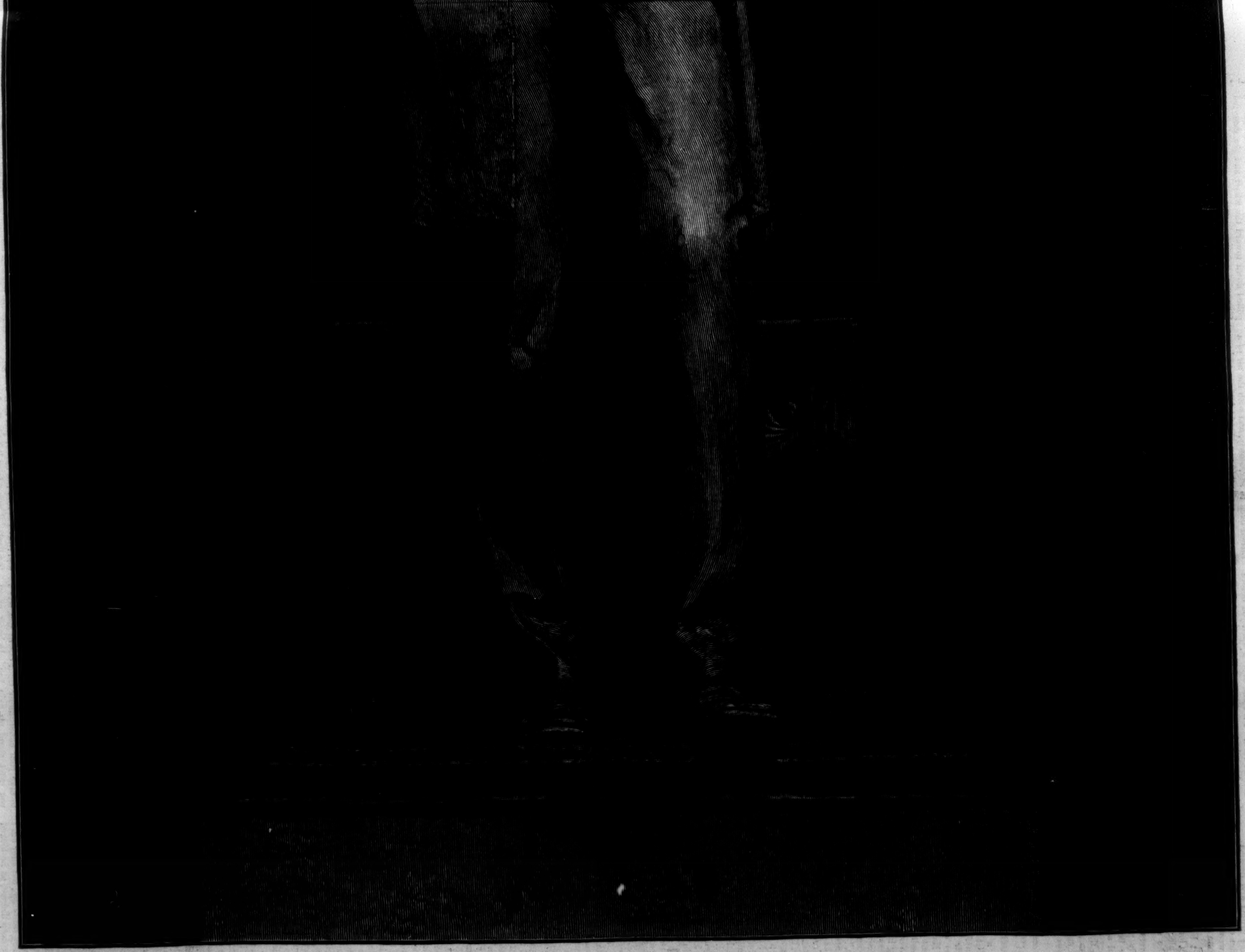
Tales of daring and cruelty have been told about these wreckers that would fill volumes with interesting reading matter. The angry waves that the improved life-boats of our Life-saving Stations cannot breast with any degree of safety were bravely rode by the sturdy skiffs of the wreckers, who entered the roaring billows during the severest storms, like the Vikings of the Northern seas, "with songs upon their lips and strength in their hearts." The mountain-like billows that were hammering the stanch ship to pieces merely lifted their frail crafts high up in the air, and then gently dropped them again in the trough of the sea, unharmed and undaunted. When the distressed vessel's side was reached, the work of boarding her was one of great peril. Easier would it be to land the frail barks on the beach, where the surf was roaring and thundering, than to board the ship in such a terrific storm. Yet the wreckers knew no fear, and they waited eagerly for an opportunity to attempt the feat. As the black hulk before them mounted a huge billow they pulled their small skiff close to her side with a few strong strokes. Then, as the vessel began to slide down the side of the wave, the small skiff would be raised up on the other side, until the decks of the two were about even. It was only for an instant that the two crafts would remain in this situation, but during that time the wreckers would ship oars, grapple the side of the huge ship, and board her. The skiff and all would be hauled up on the deck of the vessel in less time than it takes to write it. Then the good ship would be taken possession of by the wreckers, and her prow turned toward the beach, where she would be run high and dry on some reef.

Although in the jurisdiction of the United States the work of coast-wrecking has been entirely broken up by our Life-saving Service, the members of this piratical fraternity ply their trade every winter off the Newfoundland coast, where vessels are more liable to be wrecked than on any other part of the Atlantic shore. The fierce and errant tides of the Gulf of St. Lawrence carry many ill-starred ships out of their reckoning, and frequently days will pass when neither the sun by day nor the stars by night are visible to the anxious mariners. In the dense fogs that settle over the water in that vicinity the vessels are placed at the mercy of the elements, which seem to drive them on to their doom. The fishermen of the coast barely obtain a living from the products of the sea, and often, driven to desperation, they resort to the unlawful practice of luring the lost ships on the rocks, where they rob them of everything that they can save from the hungry waves.

The fall and winter months, of course, furnish the greatest number of wrecks to the eager watchers along the coast, and not a season passes but half a dozen or more of valuable hauls are made. These consist chiefly of small vessels, which are manned by small crews. Driven close to the rough, rocky shore by wind and tide, the ill-fated vessels find it impossible to work out to sea again, and the captains endeavor to run in some safe cove or bay, where under the shelter of the leeward shore the brunt of the storm can be averted. The fishermen of the coast swarm down to the edges of the water, carrying torch-lights with them, not for the purpose of luring the ships on the rocks, but to show the captains the way into the harbor. When once beached, the fishermen take charge of the vessel, despite the crew's remonstrance that their act is little short of piracy. So many vessels have been captured in this way on dark, stormy nights that coasters in that neighborhood prefer to anchor their ships off the coast, and run the risk of riding the storm on a lee shore rather than to fall into the hands of the wreckers. But the wreckers are not often to be robbed of their prey in that way. If they cannot convince the captain of the lost ship of the impossibility of any vessel riding out such a storm on the coast, and induce him to beach his craft, they will quietly take possession of it themselves, and do the work for him. Nothing can save the vessel, they say, and it is better to begin unloading her before she has gone to pieces and everything is lost.

GEORGE E. WALSH.





STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, TO BE UNVEILED IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 22, 1887.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

OCTOBER.

A MISTY purple crown
  On fading nature rests;
The leaves are rustling brown
  About the vacant nests;

The partridge drums and dreams
  Within the chilly wold;
The silent woodland seems
  A monotone of gold.

A sad sweet beauty lurks
  Upon the lonely hill,
And silver sleep the birks
  Within the silver rill.

Though flowers droop and die,
  And softly pass away,
Deep in my bosom I
  Am joyful as the May;

For though the weary dove
  Departs on saddened wing,
I know the smile of love
  That makes it always spring.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

MRS. PROUTY'S PENSION.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

"MEBBE she is a leetle mite fishy, but she ain't nothin' to what the *Sarepty* is," said our new host, as he transferred us, not without gymnastic efforts of our own, from the rickety old pier to the odorous depths of the *Mary Jane*. The distress upon Marianne's face gave way to resignation. Present trials certainly seemed less in view of the possibility that we might have been on board the *Sarepty*. As the patched and dingy sail was being hoisted, the *Mary Jane* wobbled around the decaying piles of the pier, filling us with a sense of hair-breadth escape.

"'Tain't slicked up so much over to Trull's Landin' as 'tis here," remarked our host; "but the scenery's full harnsomer than 'tis to the village; and some folks think nater hain't no need of slickin' up. We're back folks, and we hain't much used to keepin' boarders, but my sister, Mis' Adeline Prouty, that keeps house for me, is a master-hand for good victuals. Folks always has their redeemin' p'ints, and Adeline's is meat victuals and pie. Not but what she's all she ought to be," he added, suddenly, apparently feeling that he had made an indiscreet admission, "though she is a leetle high-minded naterally, bein' she's forehanded. Riches is apt to make folks feel independent, and expect to be looked up to. And I don't know as they're much better off, generally speakin', than they would be without 'em. I'm glad I've alwus been satisfied with a fair fishin' season, and reckoned what more the Lord sent me as throwed in. Adeline she lost her husband endurin' the war. He was a well-meanin' man, Amasy was, but he was the kind that sets more by lottery tickets than by stiddy days' works. He wa'n't a real good provider, 'n' his ways was tryin', but he was a master strong-minded man too. Most men sets a sight by peace and quiet, full more'n is for their good"—Laban Trull heaved a deep sigh—"but Amasy Prouty he didn't mind a harricane no more'n 's if 'twas a summer shower, 'n' that kind of give him the upper hands of Adeline. She hain't never stopped takin' on about him, 'n' you wouldn't think to hear her that the pension was the least mite of consolation. Beats all what an effect it has on a man's memory to leave his folks a pension. Proputty ain't nothin' to it; they're apt to spend that, or get cheated out of it, or they kind of forgit but what they've alwus had it; but a pension that comes stiddy 'n' reg'lar keeps a-remindin' 'em of him, and by the time they've been havin' it twenty years it's put such a gloss on him that he ain't nothin' like the same man. I've jest got to run in here to Given's Island for a minute, 'n' then with a couple of tacks we'll make our own landin'."

All discomforts were forgotten in the ravishment of our eyes at Given's Island. A perfect curve of pebbly beach which the waves lapped drowsily, a ruined fence over which rioted wild-rose vines and traveller's-joy, a mass of bloom; beyond, the deep green of the lush grass shading into the tender green of the young corn, and against the gay morning blue of the sky an old house and barn and well-sweep all painted that soft silvery gray which only Time's hand is cunning enough to mix.

"Oh, what a bit to paint!" cried Marianne, covetously. "I hope it is not far from Trull's Landing."

"Well, it's mebbe a mild acrost."

"And do you come here often?" pursued Marianne.

A sheepish expression stole over the rugged countenance of our host. "Well, jes so's to be neighborly, 'n' there's consid'able many arrands back and for'ard," he admitted.

As the boat's keel grazed the beach a pink sun-bonnet became visible amidst the corn, and, as if he had been conjured out of space, a brown-legged, tow-thatched urchin appeared upon the fence.

"Here you, Orville! here's some picter papers 'n' them things that 'll tickle you and grandmarm." Our host produced a package of paper-covered literature, and the boy tumbled through the rose-bushes, heedless alike of blossoms and briers, to receive them.

"There ain't a single picture-paper! They're love-stories. Aunt Lizy reads 'em, but they ain't no good," he said, in deep disgust, as he looked the package over.

"'N' here's some store stuff that 'll mebbe be good for grandmarm, seein' she 'ain't no great appetite," pursued the *Mary Jane's* captain, drawing forth stores of prunes, corn-starch, and other delicacies which we had waited for him to buy at the store.

"There ain't nothin' the matter with grandmarm; she eats 'nough," said the uncompromising small boy.

"'N' you tell your Aunt Lizy— But there she is; mebbe I might as well tell her myself. I say, Lizy, your folks hadn't better work too hard a-hoein' that corn. I'll come over 'n' spell you before sundown."

The pink sun-bonnet remained averted, but a voice came from it. "Reub's boy's a-comin' down to help," it said.

The captain pushed the *Mary Jane* off in haste to catch a favoring breeze; but the pink sun-bonnet relented before we were out of hearing. It came out from the sheltering corn, and there was disclosed a tall angular figure in a skimpy calico dress. A voice called—either it was a soft and sweet voice, or distance lent enchantment to it—"How's your folks's rheumatiz, Laban?"

"It ain't a-twingein' skurce any sence the wind's got round to the west'ard. Your folks better let that corn alone now till I come over," said Laban, with a self-conscious look at his passengers.

We had the grace to look unobservant and uninterested, and were rewarded by seeing Laban's gaze frankly fixed upon the pink sun-bonnet until it was lost to sight.

Trull's Landing was a scattered hamlet against a background of deep blue hills. So far as man's devices were concerned it was harsh and unattractive to the eye, but nature's harmonizing touch had developed picturesque beauty from the ugliness.

There were traces of decayed industry and prosperity. In the background of the old wharf stood a large factory, broken-windowed and tenantless, and from the windows of the custom-house over the village store hung strings of drying fish.

"Eli Pribble's sons, that had a good farm left 'em, went 'n' set up a factory," explained our host. "It kind of run in the Pribble blood to be uneasy 'n' hankerin' after riches. They was goin' to make sardines out of little herrin'; 'peared to me like flyin' in the face of Proverdunce. But some thinks they might have made out: there is folks doin' it down to Westport, though what they be more'n little herrin', after all, I can't see. But young Eli he took to drink, bein' round where there was so much goin' on; 'n' one night he tumbled off the wharf 'n' was drownded; 'n' Nahum he couldn't stand it, 'n' he went off to Texas. Now some folks says the fact'ry is haunted. Sperits has been seen there. Sperits is amazin' pop'lar down here jest now. Adeline she's inter*ested*." Sadness overspread Laban Trull's cheerful countenance whenever he mentioned his sister Adeline. "There's the meetin'-house." He pointed to a remote and solitary building, staringly white and bare. "They couldn't seem to agree to have it nigher to one than another, so they put it where it wa'n't nigh to nobody. It's the school-house week-days. My niece Rely keeps school there now. I wish 'twas so 't she was to home more; she's dretful handy about the house; but keepin' school 'n' havin' a beau too is as many ockerpations as a girl can handle to once, more especially when things is as they be."

Our host sighed mysteriously. It was evident that one or the other of Rely's "ockerpations" was attended with difficulties.

Mrs. Adeline Prouty was a little woman with a Roman nose and a spark in her eye, but showing no other signs of the "high-mindedness" of which she was accused. She had, in fact, a worn and dejected look and an air of nervous expectancy, as if she distrusted the designs of Providence or her fellow-creatures, and was prepared for the worst.

The house, a weather-worn old homestead, but clean, cool, and fragrant, wore a holiday air, which we soon discovered was less on account of our arrival than of that of Rely's "beau," a florid young man, conspicuous by means of a flashy necktie, a huge seal ring, and a sense of his own importance. Marianne and I wondered, with regrets at the perversity of Cupid, what Rely, a shy girl with soft gray eyes and an apple-blossom skin, "could see in him," and ventured to hint as much to our host, whose confidences had placed us on a familiar footing.

"He ain't Rely's ch'ice—no, he 'ain't never been Rely's ch'ice—but she 'ain't got the sperit, Rely 'ain't, to hold out agin her mother. Adeline's heart is set on the match 'count of his bein' a car conductor. I s'pose 'tis a genteel 'n' payin' business, but that ain't what Adeline is thinkin' of. That pesky pension is a-workin' on her mind. She's been writin' to our cousin Jim Prentice, up to B——, to know if railroad companies has to pay when conductors is killed or maimed in accerdunts same as if they wa'n't employed on the road. She don't think nothin' of husbands, Adeline don't, only so fur forth as people has to pay for killin' of 'em Nahum Pribble 'n' Rely was keepin' company before he went to Texas, 'n' Adeline never had nothin' to say agin the match till this car conductor, Sam Skinner's second wife's brother, came round. Rely sets by Nahum now, I know, though she never act'ally give him her promise, 'n' he 'ain't done right about writin' lately, Nahum ain't. He's got a cattle ranch out there in Texas. I tell Adeline he could get his life insured, but she don't seem to feel that there's anything sure about that. Onless a man's got an oncommon chance of gettin' killed, he ain't the husband for Rely. You shouldn't think folks would give in to her so? Well, now, I'll tell you"—Laban Trull shook his head in thoughtful sadness—"there's folks in this world that seems to take your underpinnin' right out of you, so's't you can't stand up agin 'em. In 'most every fambly there's one that rules, and it ain't apt to be the most knowledgable or the best. Sometimes I think I'd ought to have fit agin it more. If folks could only go back to the beginnin', it wouldn't be so hard. But I don' know as I could tell when it begun betwixt me 'n' Adeline; when we was babies, I guess. I can't advise Rely, seein' I 'ain't sot her the right example, but I'm a-goin' to try to get sot up on my own underpinnin'."

Laban's bent form grew erect with resolution, and his mild blue eyes showed a spark akin to Adeline's. As he walked down toward the slip where his boat lay, leaving us on the piazza, he turned back to say, slowly, and with the air of a desperate man: "If you should happen to hear Adeline askin' where I be, mebbe you wouldn't mind tellin' her that I've gone over to Given's Island." He walked on slowly for a few paces, and then turned again. "'N' I'll be obleeged to you if you'll tell her that I've gone to hoe Lizy Given's corn 'n' do some other chores for her."

It began to look as if Laban had some "underpinning."

"It's a livin' shame 'bout him and Lizy Givens," the store-keeper's wife had already informed us. "They've kept comp'ny, as you might say, since they was boy and girl, and Laban 'ain't never been man enough to marry her against Adeline's will. And Lizy is kind of feeble now, and she's poor, and all her own folks have died off except grandmarm and her brother 'Lisha's boy, that is a limb if ever there was one, and I don't know how she'd get along if 'twa'n't for her cousin Reuben's folks, for Laban Trull don't hardly durst to go nigh her."

Either the exigencies of car-conducting interfered with protracted love-making or Rely's "beau's" suit was unprosperous, for he staid but two days. Rely brightened visibly when he had gone; but we learned from Laban Trull's discourse that although nothing was definitely settled, Adeline was determined to have a wedding when he came again in August.

It was very soon after that we began to hear of the wonderful manifestations at Marth' Abby Coombs's spiritual séances. Marianne always had a hankering after the supernatural, and in the past winter had been steeping her soul in theosophy and utterly bewildering occult mysteries, and was deeply curious concerning Marth' Abby Coombs's gifts. Mrs. Adeline was one of the prime supporters of the medium, especially since communications had been received from Eli Pribble in which he stated that Nahum was also in the spirit land.

Rely had regarded the manifestations with indifference; but death perhaps seemed to her the only reason possible for Nahum's silence, and she now went persistently to the sittings, growing pitifully pale and hollow-eyed.

"Nobody lives as long as I have without seein' or hearin' of things that's onaccountable," said Laban Trull. "'N' I ain't one to think but what there's more in the universe than can be chewed in my cud. But I can't put faith in Marth' Abby Coombs nohow. Slyness comes as nat'ral to them Coombses as it does to a weasel. 'N' it's jest because I believe so much that humbug makes me so mad. It makes senserble folks afeard to have anything to do with manerfestations, and if a good, well-meanin' sperit wants to come back to see his folks it henders him. Now I don't believe Nahum Pribble is dead no more'n I be, but that won't hender 'em from mater'alizin' him, and next off they're a-goin' to mater'alize Amasy! Adeline she's terrible anxious to know jest how he died. He was reported missin', 'n' Jake Enos, over to Hebron, was the only one that saw him shot down. Adeline has stood it for twenty years without knowin' jest where the bullet hit him, 'n' it seems as if she might stan' it a spell longer. Rely can't remember her father, of course, bein' she was only a baby when he went away, but she's dretful dootiful 'n' conscientious, 'n' after persuadin' of her that Nahum's dead, they 'ain't got no more to do than to get her father back from the sperit land to tell her she'd ought to marry the car conductor."

Marth' Abby Coombs visited Mrs. Adeline frequently. She was a large, coarse woman, with a shifting eye, and a somewhat vacant expression.

"She doesn't look shrewd or tricky; she really has something of the look of a sensitive," Marianne said.

We ventured to make inquiries about the materializations, and she said she had not as yet succeeded in those, but was going to Boston to see the "developing medium" who had already assisted her.

If she had said "to consult my Mahatma," Marianne could not have looked more deeply impressed.

One evening as Marianne and I were going out rowing, alone, for our host, who usually rowed us, had set out for Given's Island, we came upon Rely in a little grove by the shore. She was prone upon the ground, abandoning herself to grief.

"Oh, Nahum, Nahum, were you near me, and did you know?" we heard her say.

We would have stolen away, but she heard us, and started up.

"Don't believe that nonsense!" I cried. "You have no reason to think that he is dead. You will yet see him alive and safe."

"I have seen him, but not alive," she said, quietly.

"Has—has Mrs. Coombs succeeded in materializations?" asked Marianne, eagerly, forgetting, I am afraid, for the moment, her sympathy in curiosity.

"No; I saw him by myself, over there." She pointed to the deserted factory, whose ruined windows stared, ghost-like, in the fading light. "I never paid any attention to the stories of its being haunted," she continued. "People always think a great deal about the supernatural here at Trull's Landing. I staid at school last night, and rowed across the harbor just as it was growing dark. I saw a faint light in the factory windows; it came and went. I knew it was not a reflection. I rowed near; something seemed to give me courage; and I saw a man's face in one of the upper windows; it was white—white—and it seemed to fade away. I had not been sure before that he was dead, but I knew it was Nahum!"

"Let us row down there now, before it is quite dark," cried Marianne. "Will you go with us?"

Rely shrank back. "I don't think I could bear to see it again," she said.

"She saw a shadow or a reflection; it is so easy to be deceived in the twilight," I said, as we pulled down toward the wharf and the deserted factory.

Marianne was silent. More things were taught in her philosophy than the "ignorant scornful" could be expected to understand.

The wharf was deserted; night was coming on, thick and gray. A wind creeping up from the sea rattled the casements of the factory, but there was no other sound, and we strained our eyes in vain to see the fitful light.

Suddenly across the water a woman's high-keyed voice came to us. We could not distinguish the words, but we heard the answer from our host, who, at the end of the slip whence the *Mary Jane* took her flights, was paddling aimlessly in the *Mary Jane's* tender.

"Me goin' to Given's Island? I don't know what put that into your head, Adeline. I hain't no sech idee. I jest thought I'd kind of look round after the boarders."

Alas! to witness the frailty of mankind was worse than to see a ghost, as Marianne said.

I proposed that we should row down to the slip, and endeavor to strengthen Laban Trull's weak knees; but Marianne was still intent upon seeing the spirit. It was rapidly growing dark. There were heavy black clouds, cleft only now and then by a slender sickle of a moon. We rested on our oars under the factory windows. A moon-ray gleamed through the clouds just as I looked up, and fell upon a face in the window. I saw it. Marianne saw it also. It was very white; the hair was white too; it was the face of an old man. It had a vaguely familiar look. I could not say whether it vanished, because I looked away. Marianne, with all her curiosity, looked away. And we rowed homeward as fast as our trembling limbs would allow us.

"Marianne, whom did it look like?" I said.

But she had recognized no familiarity.

"It was not the face of a young man," she said. "And did you notice the ear-rings? Some of the old sailors about here wear them. We can, at least, assure Rely that it was not Nahum."

"It may have been some one in the flesh," I ventured.

"It was up in the loft; the stairs are taken away. And did it look like flesh and blood?" demanded Marianne.

I was forced to admit that it did not. But I was haunted by the likeness of the face to some one I had seen, and lying awake that night, trying to fix the likeness, a fancy seized me so strongly that I arose, and by the light of the fitful kerosene descended to the melancholy best room, where, above his coffin-plate—it was the fashion at Trull's Landing to adorn mantel-pieces with these relics, and Mrs. Adeline had insisted upon having a plate, although there was no coffin—above the gleaming silver plate, with his name and age upon it, hung a photograph of Amasa Prouty at the age of thirty. My doubts were solved; here was the resemblance that had perplexed me; here were even the ear-rings! If a spirit were haunting the deserted factory, it was Amasa Prouty's.

But although we tried often, we could not catch another glimpse of it, and I came almost to believe that it was an illusion made up of twilight shadows and sea mist.

Meanwhile Marth' Abby Coombs had returned from Boston boasting new powers, acquired with the aid of the "developing medium," and announced a séance at which various spirits would materialize. To Marianne's great disappointment the medium objected to our presence. She said, "City folks was apt to make fun and hender the manifestations."

We sat talking and dreaming over a wood fire that evening—for summer nights were chilly at Trull's Landing—when Laban Trull, his gaunt frame fairly-trembling with excitement, burst into the room.

"I've come after the fambly Bible. Mebbe you wouldn't mind reachin' it to me, for my strength seems to have gin out."

Wonderingly I complied with the request. Had Marth' Abby Coombs raised ghosts that were to be exorcised in this way?

"Amasy's come back!" gasped Laban Trull.

"Come back?" echoed Marianne and I, in a breath.

"Is he—materialized?" added Marianne, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Mater'alized? Well, he's consid'able solid!" chuckled Laban Trull. "Well, now, it's nat'ral enough, when you come to think on't. For as much as ten years after word come that he was missin', I expected he would turn up. He was jest the kind of a feller. And Jake Enos, the only one that see him shot, was the kind that loves to have seen more'n other folks has. He come acrost Nahum Pribble out in Texas, Amasy did, and Nahum put it to his conscience that he ought to come home. 'Count of the onlawfulness of Adeline's pension, he let on; but I guess Nahum was full more worried about Rely bein' sot on! He had hard luck, Nahum had, 'n' that's why he hain't wrote to Rely; but he sent her a message. You'd ought to see her holdin' up her head like a drippin' sunflower when the sun comes out! Seems Amasy laid round here to see how the wind blowed, hidin' up in the fact'ry loft, 'n' such as that; 'n' he'd about made up his mind that Adeline was well enough off with her pension, 'n' nobody wa'n't pinin' for him, 'n' was thinkin' of clearin' out agin, when he overheard the boys down on the wharf say how he was goin' to be mater'alized up to Marth' Abby Coombs's. ''Tain't every man that has a chance to see his own ghost,' says Amasy, ''n' I was bound to resk it.' I noticed him come in, a stranger with his hat pulled clearn down over his eyes. Well, 'twas so

dark that you couldn't see your hand before you when the sperits come out; but they lighted up a little, 'n' I see that the one they called Amasy Prouty had Ab Coombs's figger plain enough. He was an awful ghastly cretur, taller-faced, 'n' with a wound right in his temple, 'n' blood streamin' out of it; that was to show what killed him. The stranger in the corner riz right up. 'Great Jehoshaphat!' says he. 'It's money in my pocket that I've kept out of the world of shadders, if that's the kind of a figger I'd be apt to cut there.' Well, the minute I heard his voice I knew 'twas Amasy. Adeline she fetched a scream, 'n' said 'twas an imposertor come to get away her pension. She's calmin' down—beats all how Amasy can calm her down!—but she sticks to it that he must take his oath it's him on the fambly Bible. To think of Amasy come back, 'n' Adeline without no pension! There is times when the hardenedest must believe in an overrulin' Proverdunce. I—I'm goin' over to Given's Island first off in the mornin'. I don't deserve that Lizy should have anything to say to me, 'n' that's a fact; but she's forgivin', 'n' she knows what I've had to contend with."

We went on our homeward way "first off" in the morning, for the great excitement in the reunited family and among its congratulating friends, together with the prostrated condition of Mrs. Adeline, made us feel that "boarders" were *de trop*. Josh Hyde, the manager of the *Sarepty* and the sharer of Laban Trull's fishing fortunes, took the *Mary Jane's* helm, for we were sentimentally determined that Laban Trull should accompany us no farther than Given's Cove. Twenty years was, as Marianne remarked, quite long enough for Lizy to wait.

Josh Hyde was an extremely reticent youth, but he opened his mouth on this occasion to voice the public sentiment of Trull's Landing:

"Seems as ef Mis' Adeline wouldn't be herself without her pension, no more'n a peacock without his tail feathers."

Laban Trull was attired in his Sunday suit, ancient but carefully preserved, and Rely had fastened a posy in his button-hole.

"He deserves to find the island sunk, or Lizy dead of a broken heart or pneumonia," said Marianne, who loved poetic justice.

But Given's Island lay "smiling to the smiling morn" as when we had first seen it. It had only exchanged its roses for golden-rod, its tender stalks for ripened corn, and Lizy's pink sunbonnet had faded a little. She came along beside the fence with a pail of raspberries in her hand. She looked without astonishment at Laban Trull's holiday attire, and the customary interchange of compliments concerning their "folks" was dispensed with.

Had the news already travelled to Given's Island? we wondered.

It was the "limb," appearing out of space as was his wont, who solved our doubts.

"Say, d'yer know Mis' Ad'line Prouty hain't got any pension now? 'n' she hadn't better make faces at me in meetin' any more!"

And as the *Mary Jane* tacked and Given's Island faded from our sight, the "limb's" brown legs were still wildly gyrating in air.

ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

At the crossing of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia, and the Georgia Pacific railways, on the main line of travel between Birmingham and Atlanta, and only a two hours' ride from the former place, stands the model city of Anniston. The people of Birmingham hardly regard it as a rival; and yet it is of such vigorous growth, firm foundation, and exceptional advantages that it is well prepared to enter upon and maintain a contest for the iron producing and manufacturing supremacy of Alabama. Located with a keen foresight, established upon the most enlightened and progressive of business principles, and governed by intelligence and a liberal economy, it well deserves the name of "model city." It is even more worthy of admiration in these respects than Pullman, in Illinois, and ranks as the American prototype of Sir Titus Salt's famous town of Saltaire, in England.

Anniston is situated just east of the Coosa coal-fields, in the heart of the richest mineral district and one of the finest agricultural regions of Alabama, and is built on a slope of Blue Mountain, at such an elevation that it is the highest point accessible by railroad in the State. Here during the civil war the Confederate government established a furnace for the production of iron. It was destroyed by Federal troops in 1865, and two years later Mr. Samuel Noble, an iron-master of Rome, Georgia, visiting the ruins, was astounded at the marvellous mineral wealth surrounding them. He immediately purchased several of the richest ore deposits, and proceeded to organize a company for their development. In this he was so far successful that in 1872 the Woodstock Iron Company, of which he became secretary and treasurer, assumed control of the lands he had acquired, added 40,000 acres to these, and thus became possessed of one of the finest iron properties in the world. They at once erected a furnace, which went into blast in April, 1873, and in 1879 they built a second, which has been in active operation ever since. In 1881 one of the largest and most completely equipped cotton mills in the State was erected, and began work here. It contains 11,238 spindles, 320 looms, and manufactures 115,000 yards of shirtings and sheetings per week. It gives employment to 270 hands, for whose accommodation a village of fifty neat and pretty cottages occupies a pleasant situation a short distance to the rear of the mill. The grounds in front of the great building are tastefully arranged in walks, and beds filled with flowers or rare shrubbery.

In 1882 the extensive car-wheel works of the Noble Brothers were moved to this point from Rome, Georgia. These works consist of a two-story brick machine-shop 50 by 150 feet, a foundery 84 by 335 feet, and a forge 80 by 215 feet, all of which are equipped with every modern appliance in the form of iron-working machinery. The foundery has two cupolas with a melting capacity of 40,000 pounds per hour, and it can supply a demand for 300 car-wheels per day. Since 1882 many kindred industries to these have been transferred to or inaugurated in this place, until it is now well entitled to rank among the leading manufacturing towns of the State.

In the mean time the original company had been developing its plans for the establishment of a model city by laying out and macadamizing streets, introducing the most approved systems of water-works and sewage, building stores, dwelling-houses for its employés, schools and churches, and securing railroad connections to all important points. When, in 1883, the proprietors opened Anniston to the public, and for the first time offered its town lots for sale, the new-comers and would-be purchasers found four thousand people in a city of broad, well-graded streets lighted by electricity, paved sidewalks, miles of thrifty shade trees, beautiful parks, perfect drainage, ample water supplies, liberally endowed public-schools, established churches, fully stocked stores, vast industries affording employment to all who desired it, a lively trade with the surrounding country, and the best of railroad communication with the outer world, but not one cent of municipal indebtedness, bonded or floating. Under these conditions it is no wonder that the population of the place has increased rapidly, and has nearly doubled within four years.

The bulk of the city real estate is owned by the Anniston Land and Improvement Company, under whose liberal policy new industries of all kinds are encouraged and fostered, while every new-comer who is able and willing to work is provided with a home, and given the opportunity of speedily owning it upon the easiest possible terms. These working-men's homes, of which each of the great manufacturing establishments has its own little village, are models of neatness and comfort. There are no tenement-houses, but each family occupies its own four or six room cottage, prettily painted, plastered, supplied with clear running water from mountain springs, and having a quarter of an acre of land attached to it. They rent for from seven to ten dollars per month, or can be purchased by instalments very little in excess of these rent rates. Most of the cottagers take great pride in beautifying their premises, and it is rare to see one of their gardens that is not bright with flowers, or a porch that is not overrun with climbing vines. In Anniston the working-man is not allured from his home by the temptation of drinking saloons, for the sale of intoxicating liquors is strictly prohibited in both the city and county.

The most beautiful public building of the place is Anniston Inn, which, in spite of its brief existence, has already won a wide-spread reputation for the luxury of its appointments, the excellence of its management, and the beauty of its surroundings. Built in 1885 without regard to expense, it is one of the most attractive hotels in the country, and is an object of unqualified praise and admiration to all who visit it. It is a structure of quaint and picturesque design, abounding in gables, chimney stacks, odd windows, and unsuspected recesses. The lower story is of cut sandstone, the next of pressed brick, and the three upper stories are of heavy timbers, so framed as to show between panels or dormers of redwood shingles and Georgia slate. Wide verandas extend entirely around the three lower floors, and are suggestive of cool breezes, fine views, and pleasant loungings. The inn will accommodate two hundred guests, and its interior fittings and decorations are, as might be expected from its exterior appearance, the embodiment of luxurious comfort.

The district tributary to this model city embraces the rich mineral belt traversed by the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad, from Cave Spring, Georgia, to Montvallo, Alabama, and the wonderful iron deposits extending south for fifty miles along the line of the Anniston and Atlantic Railway. The furnaces already in operation in this district are the Cherokee, of 100 tons capacity daily; the Ætna, of 20 tons; Tecumseh, of 50 tons; Stonewall, of 25 tons; Rock Run, of 35 tons; Brierfield, of 25 tons; Woodstock, two of 50 tons each; Clifton, two of 110 tons; and the two of 50 tons each belonging to the Shelby Iron-Works—or twelve furnaces already in operation, and as many more contemplated or being built. All of the existing furnaces have heretofore produced charcoal iron, obtaining their charcoal from the immense forests of yellow pine surrounding them; and in several cases they will continue its use indefinitely, as they own or control such vast tracts of timber lands that their supply of charcoal is practically unlimited and inexhaustible. Others are beginning to use the fine coke that is so readily obtained from the Coosa coal, and for the burning of which hundreds of new ovens are in process of construction.

Besides offering exceptional advantages for the manufacture of iron and iron products, Anniston presents an inviting field for the operations of many other branches of business, such as all kinds of wood-working establishments, agricultural implement, hardware, boot and shoe, notion, and dry-goods houses. It also offers an abundance of well-paid employment to the sober and industrious mechanic or laborer. The visitor is as much struck with the substantial appearance of the stores and other business buildings as he is with the neatness of the working-men's cottages. There is none of the shed-like or shanty makeshift, so common to new towns, to be seen in Anniston; but it has throughout an air of permanence and architectural self-respect.

Kirk Munroe.

THE LINCOLN AT CHICAGO.

The late Eli Bates of Chicago is more fortunate than most patriots and patrons of the fine arts, for if he can look on while the colossal Lincoln is unveiled in Lincoln Park he will see that the $40,000 he left for a monument to the great war President has been well applied. Excellent judgment marked the choice of sculptor and location. Entering Lincoln Park from Dearborn Street, one sees a gentle rise of ground several hundred feet in width. In the centre is a broad flight of steps, with two large balls of bronze to mark their commencement right and left, one ball decorated with an axe, to recall the hard work of the pioneer's child, the other with a spray of laurel. The steps lead into an oblong circle of cut stone, 60 feet broad and 30 feet deep, which is fashioned within to form a classic bench. On the outer wall, to the right as you enter, is this inscription: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to know the right, let us strive on." The opposite wall has the quotation, also taken from the Cooper Union speech of 1860: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." The corners of this bench, being the gate-posts of the circle, have a beautiful and effective decoration in the form of great bird-wings carved in very low relief. They indicate the inspired character of Lincoln's acts and deeds when viewed after time has calmed the passions of the conflict and we have freed ourselves from the uncouth effect of Lincoln's exterior.

The statue itself stands in the centre of the farther wall of the circle, on an oblong square pedestal bearing the simplest inscription. The sculptor has had to contend not only with the ordinary difficulty, that of our hideous fashion in dress, but also with the extraordinary face and figure of Abraham Lincoln. Good sculptors have tried the task, and though the results are placed in public as if they were successful, everybody knows that they are failures. Mr. St. Gaudens has tried to make Lincoln's plainness tell, being perfectly aware that Lincoln the orator gained in the long-run rather than lost because of his unshapeliness and size. His ugliness had a fascination. But it would not have been fascinating without that big soul imprisoned within the uncouth form, which showed itself whenever the proper time arrived. Mr St. Gaudens felt this quality in the man, and has chosen the moment when he is standing before an audience, waiting for silence, looking downward, and collecting his thoughts for speech. He has risen from his chair, which the artist, with a bold and novel realism in sculpture, has placed empty some feet to the rear. Seizing one lapel of his coat with a familiar gesture, and thrusting the other hand behind him, Abraham Lincoln is about to speak.

Perhaps St. Gaudens meant to depict him at the Cooper Union in 1860, when he uttered the words inscribed on the bench; but it is pleasanter to think that the solemn face, channelled with the wrinkles of sleepless nights (but also, luckily for the country, with the creases of hearty, wholesome laughter), belongs to the later period, say that of Gettysburg, when the nation felt that the Southern Confederacy had made its conclusive forward movement and failed; when Lincoln was more than ever determined to put the war through, and the Union was relieved from one danger only to be confronted by another. The statue is seen from a great distance, crowning the straight line of the stone-work on the mount. The heavy locks of hair, treated with consummate art, and recalling the "Dying Galatian" at Rome, carry the expression of Lincoln's bowed head to far greater points than a figure which is treated in the ordinary way. The bent left arm gives variety without being a gesticulation, and from afar explains by the elbow the upward movement of the hand, which is really the natural movement of the hand to the brow in deep thought arrested half-way. Thus it aids in the concentration of mind desired by the sculptor. The right hand is seen only from some points. Its backward movement is a natural compensation for the forward pitch of the head, and would be more obviously so were the feet together, heel to heel.

The left foot is, however, advanced, and the weight of the gaunt figure rests largely on the right leg. The pedestal has seven stars on its front, and the inner chair-back carries the legend *E Pluribus Unum* over an eagle heraldically displayed, but not conventional like the heraldic eagle on our coins, and modelled in very low relief. The great wings on the corners of the circular seat by the entrance form the note which is echoed by the decoration of the chair-back. The tall figure of the Liberator was impressive when in the clay, but the bronze, so soon as the first raw newness of the metal shall have worn off, will be much more imposing by virtue of its appropriateness to the severe treatment of the statue proper. The face itself, with its rugged features, massive chin, compressed lips, and deep-sunken eyes recalling those of Daniel Webster, forms the centre and finishing-point to a figure distinguished beyond any so far seen in the United States for quiet, for introspection, and for a latent life ready to spring into action at the call of the master-mind of the greatest epoch in the history of our land.

Mr. St. Gaudens has not come at once or by one bound to this masterpiece. Always questioning his own conceptions, only too ready to destroy a model which he suspects to be inferior to his best, he has been long about the Lincoln for Chicago. But the studies for the Farragut in Madison Square, New York, were of the utmost use to him. The same general idea may be said to govern the Lincoln as the Farragut; but while in the latter he has permitted some leeway to the picturesque, notably in the reliefs of the bench underfoot, and also in the figure itself, the Lincoln is cast in a larger spirit. It is better suited, by its size and attitude as well as the proportions of the bench, to the extensive outlook it enjoys in the Chicago park. The surroundings of both statues owe much to the taste of the architect, Stanford White, who has worked in unison with the sculptor in both cases. Whilst the position of the Farragut, neither on a public

Jay Gould (*Boss of the Western Union*). "Rats!!!"
Chorus of Public Opinion. "Don't scare, Jim, we're with you."

square with architectural background nor in a large park with a setting of trees, is extremely unfortunate, that of the LINCOLN could hardly be better. The people of New York city appear to dwell in blissful ignorance of their own shortcomings in such things, preferring to imagine that the highest place in the census of towns will somehow atone for folly in art matters.

The sculptor of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in New York of a French father and Irish mother, worked first at cameos, studied at the Beaux Arts in Paris, and made pilgrimage to Florence and Rome. MCMONNIES, one of his pupils, recently took a distinguished prize in his old school at Paris; his brother, LOUIS ST. GAUDENS, is a sculptor of original power and great distinction; MR. JOHN DONOGHUE and other rising sculptors have worked in his atelier. When his works are passed in review, and their variety and number noted, it is impossible to question the genius of AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, or doubt that he has really introduced a new style in sculpture. This was first apparent in bass-reliefs, such as the portraits of the children of Messrs. PRESCOTT BUTLER, R. W. GILDER, and LEE, as well as portraits of ASA GRAY, S. G. WARD, and other citizens. The busts of President WOOLSEY of Yale and Senator EVARTS were much remarked. The statue of "Captain" BLACKWELL in the grounds of the Snug Harbor, at Staten Island, with its cocked hat and the peculiar position of its "sea-legs," is little seen. The half-finished MORGAN monument which was burned was a great loss, owing to the beauty of those angels which were already completed. St. Thomas's, on Fifth Avenue, contains some of his work, and so do certain of the VANDERBILT houses. The incomplete study for a monument to Colonel ROBERT SHAW, to be placed in Boston near the State-house, has points of great beauty; and the CHAPIN statue for Springfield, not yet in position, is a triumphant rendering in sculpture of the godly and intolerant side of early New England. Lincoln Park, Chicago, has also a fountain by ST. GAUDENS, in which naked little boys, herons, and swans play about a clump of bulrushes, all in bronze. It is as joyous as the LINCOLN statue is grave. Wherever one of his bass-reliefs, busts, or statues appears, the sculptor's style is apparent; it belongs to him alone, and proves that a new mind of subtlety and power is at work in the field of American sculpture.

"DOWN THE RIPLEY ROAD."

To the American tourist who has tasted the joys of cycling on English roads the picture on page 769, "Down the Ripley Road," by Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL, will not fail to conjure up pleasant memories. The happy couple enjoying a pleasant *tête-à-tête* as they glide down the gentle gradient side by side, the tandem bending slightly to the up-grade, will look like old friends, no doubt. And so, I venture, will the row of quaint old gabled cottages, the Anchor Inn, with its creaking weather-worn sign, the lone rider, and the bicycle standing against the house. Fortunate indeed is the tourist who has traversed the Ripley Road awheel, who has halted for luncheon at the old Anchor Inn, who has tasted its Cheddar cheese, its freshly cut cress, and bottled stout.

The initiated one will understand at a glance all about the wistful expression on the face of the lone young rider in the rear as he surveys the couple ahead. He is not the vagabond rover he appears on first sight, however. His ride hasn't fairly begun yet. He has just started out, and is now making his way to some charming ivy-covered lodge a mile or two farther down the road, where some one he has seen before expectantly awaits his coming. Ten minutes hence he will be emulating the gallant example of the rider he now seems to be regarding so enviously. Would it not seem like a breach of confidence, we could almost venture upon confiding to the non-cycling reader just what the mustached young gentleman is saying. Many knowing ones among the fraternity of the wheel, I ween, would make small trouble about interpreting aright that interested expression on the countenance of his fair companion.

Perhaps there has never been anything else invented in the realm of out-door recreation that quite comes up to the tricycle as the medium of pleasant social intercourse between the sexes. The health-giving exercise, the exhilaration of the swift ride, the sense of mastery over the machine, stimulate the flow of animal spirits and induce sociability. No doubt this has something to do with the secret of why cycling is fast outstripping in popularity most other forms of out-door recreation in which both sexes participate. It is but yesterday, comparatively speaking, that cycling was first adopted by lady riders in England, yet there is no more familiar sight on English roads to-day than just such scenes as the artist has here depicted so graphically in "Down the Ripley Road."

In this country the advent of the lady rider is of very recent date. Only three years ago a lady riding a tricycle on the streets of an American city would have been thought "singular." The first foolish prejudice against their use, however, is now happily overcome, and on the asphalt boulevards of Washington or the smooth drives around Boston social couples on tandems or wheeling side by side on separate machines are nowadays encountered almost as frequently as they are on the roads of England. Every indication points to the assurance that American ladies are rapidly overtaking their English sisters in the appreciation of healthful out-door recreation. Each succeeding year will see many recruits gathered to the ranks of lady tricyclers; for recreation a wheel seems peculiarly beneficial to ladies of delicate constitution; they get the exercise without the fatigue of bearing their whole weight on the feet.

At present the American cycler, and especially the lady rider, is sadly handicapped by the inferior condition of our roads as compared with those of England. Everything possible is being done, however, by the League of American Wheelmen (an organization of nearly twelve thousand active members) to stimulate the proper authorities to a policy of road improvement, and much good in that direction has already been accomplished. Unjust discriminations against cyclers using the drives of the public parks are being removed by acts of Legislature, horses are getting as indifferent to them here as they have long been in England, prejudice is melting away on all sides, and the graceful cycle and its rider bid fair to multiply exceedingly in the next few years.

One of the most recent tributes paid to the usefulness of the cycle in England is the formation of a corps of "bicycle scouts," to be used for carrying despatches in time of war. Should the big iron-clad watch-dogs that made such a brave display in the Jubilee naval review, lately, ever fail in their duty, and permit an enemy to find lodgement on the smiling downs of Kent or Surrey, the Ripley Road would be fairly alive with these swiftly flying cycle scouts hurrying to and from the metropolis. Ambulance tricycles are under serious consideration by the English War-Office too. Red Cross tricycle societies are among the possibilities of the future. Should such an organization be formed, we feel quite certain that one, and perhaps both, of the fair wheel-women in the picture would be among the very first to volunteer their services. THOMAS STEVENS.

THE CHALLENGE CUP OF THE AMERICAN YACHT CLUB.

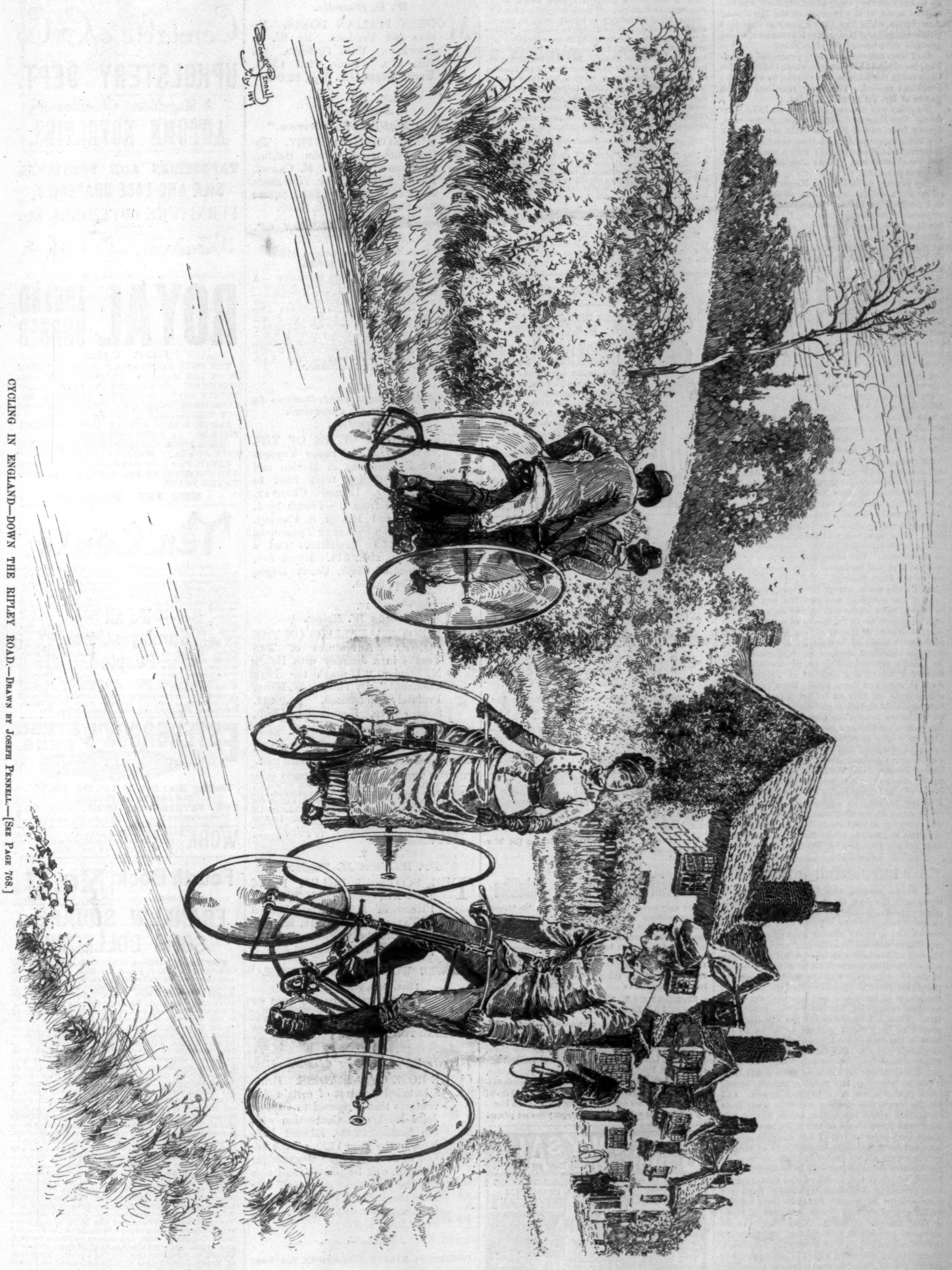
A NOTABLE CHALLENGE CUP.

THE organization, in May, 1883, of the American Yacht Club was an important event in yachting annals, as no association of yachtsmen had ever before existed with especial reference to the interests of steam pleasure vessels. The growth of the club has been as rapid as the constantly increasing development of steam-yachting led its founders to anticipate, and instead of the fifteen members and six or seven yachts with which it began its existence four and one-half years ago, it now possesses more than two hundred members, and upward of fifty yachts are enrolled in its fleet. While the advancement of steam-yachting is the chief purpose of the club, it has also a squadron of sailing yachts which is fast assuming considerable proportions.

The International Challenge Cup now offered by the American Yacht Club to the steam-yachts of the world is a trophy of great intrinsic value and rare artistic excellence. It is the work of Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., to whom its construction was awarded after a protracted competition. It is entirely of silver, stands three feet nine inches in height, and weighs upward of one thousand ounces. Its design is altogether original, and in its broad sense suggests steam, speed, and victory upon the sea. At the base are represented fire and water, typified by figures representing Pluto and Neptune, who, with hands clasped, unite in producing steam, which is seen rising from the lower part of the body of the piece. Around the centre are etched a number of typical steam-yachts in racing form. Below them, in bold relief, is a border composed of shields, upon which will be worked from time to time inscriptions commemorative of the races by which the possession of the prize is to be determined. The handles, decorated with sea-weed and other plants of the water, appear to be growing up the sides of the vase, and turning gracefully toward the neck, they terminate with the young and pleasing heads which represent the children of Æolus. The vase springs from a bold shell-like base, upon which is represented the ocean, among whose waves are seen in idealized form a propeller and other devices especially appropriate to steam-yachts. It is surmounted by a beautiful female figure, which holds in one hand a shield bearing the wheel and flag which form a distinguishing device of the American Yacht Club, and in the other the laurel wreath of victory.

The cup is to be maintained as a perpetual challenge cup for the steam-yachts of all nations. The conditions under which it is to be sailed for will be similar in principle to those which govern the contests for the famous *America's* cup, with such modifications as the necessities of steam-yachting may require.

The utility of steam-yacht racing, though formerly questioned, has been fully demonstrated at the annual regattas of the American Yacht Club by a succession of races under conditions so widely varying as to embrace every class of steam pleasure vessels, from the open launch to the ocean-going steam-ship, and it is confidently anticipated that this superb work of art will in due time become as much coveted a trophy as any known to the yachting world.



CYCLING IN ENGLAND—DOWN THE RIPLEY ROAD.—Drawn by Joseph Pennell.—[See Page 768.]

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

Our last week's record of President Cleveland's tour left him at Milwaukee, where on Thursday, October 6th, he had addressed a great assemblage in front of the Court-house, had shaken hands with the people at Schlitz Park, and had spoken again at the banquet of the Merchants' Association, while Mrs. Cleveland was holding a public reception at Mrs. James Kneeland's, whose grounds were beautifully illuminated.

On Friday morning the party proceeded to Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, where Chief-Justice Cole made the address of welcome, to which the President replied. The party remained as the guests of Mr. Vilas until Monday.

Saturday was devoted to fishing on Lake Mendota. The President caught seven yellow bass, fishing from one of the row-boats towed out by the little steam-yacht, and then lunched at Mr. Merrill's, finishing the day with a reception at the Vilas residence. There also the chilly Sunday was passed.

The journey to St. Paul, on Monday, was marked by the usual demonstrations on the road, and at Portage, New Lisbon, Sparta, and Lake City, where short stops were made, the President shook hands with as many as possible of the crowds in attendance. At La Crosse the party were escorted through the decorated streets. At 5.30 P.M. St. Paul was reached, and through a great throng the President was driven to the Ryan Hotel, where Mayor Smith welcomed him. In the course of his reply the President referred to his wife's attending school as a young girl at St. Paul, and created merriment when he thanked the people "because they had neither married nor spoiled my wife," adding that they were "related to that in my life better than all earthly honors and distinctions." During the evening the toboggan and snow-shoe clubs paraded in their picturesque costumes in the brilliantly illuminated streets, and the day closed with a public reception at the hotel.

On Tuesday, October 11th, the party, after a drive through St. Paul, proceeded to Minneapolis, where enthusiastic throngs blocked all the approaches to the station. Mr. Cleveland made two addresses—one from the balcony of the West Hotel, in reply to Mayor Ames, and another at the Exposition, to which the party was conducted under escort of the military companies. At night the train was taken for Omaha. At Chaska, Carver, Le Sueur, and elsewhere on the route there were illuminations, and bonfires were burning at short intervals all along the track, while crowds of people and bands of music were occasionally met. When Sioux City, in Iowa, was reached, at 6.30 A.M., Wednesday, thousands of people were in attendance. The town still retained its triumphal arch and its harvest decorations employed for the Corn Festival. The party visited the Corn Palace, made, except its frame, from products of the cornfield, and saw the wax maiden in robe of satin husks and hair of corn silk on a stair of golden ears; the spider of carrots in web of corn fibres; the map of the United States, each State made of kernels in distinct colors; and the hundred devices of unshelled ears. At Omaha the welcoming parade included the Second Infantry, the Knights of Pythias, who were in conclave there, pupils from the Indian school near by, with an Indian brass band, and many political and other societies. At St. Joseph an elaborate procession greeted the party, and the school-children brought flowers. Kansas City at night received the President with a mounted company and the Flambeau Club, and amidst great enthusiasm he was escorted to the Coates House. On Thursday morning he was driven about the place, and then laid the corner-stone of the Young Men's Christian Association Building, making an appropriate address. He spoke again in the afternoon at a public meeting and reception at the Custom-house. In the evening came the parade of the Priests of Pallas, and then the party started for Memphis.

RETURNING HOME.

A young woman who is observed standing alone upon the deck of an ocean steam-ship and gazing pensively over the sea generally gets the credit of being in love. To be sure there is no reason why a young woman answering to these conditions may not be indulging merely the sentiments of patriotism or of regret if she is upon a homeward voyage, or a sense of the solemnity of the sea whichever way she may be going, but people are given to suspecting that the minds and the hearts of the young and beautiful are in the habit of concerning themselves with other matters. That it is possible for the suspicions of people to be without warrant is shown by the facts in the case of the interesting subject of Mr. Smedley's picture. She fulfils all the conditions which should lead to the belief that she is engaged with tender thoughts of the absent. She is young, beautiful, and pensive, and she stands alone, gazing across the softly moving sea. And yet the fact is that she is a married woman from Cincinnati, whose husband is below, having just been sent there on an errand. To be sure it is likely that some share of her thought is with him, but he is hardly to be reckoned as absent, and it seems highly probable that she is more particularly engaged just now in looking for Fire Island, which is apt to afford the first glimpse that returning American wanderers from the eastward get of home. She has been on her wedding journey, and is now a matron of three or four months' standing. Very likely Cincinnati, and perhaps the thought of some cooked oysters, are mixed up with a romantic retrospect. She is just as charming, and it is just as possible for the unacquainted to weave fancies about her, as though she were a persecuted princess or an unhappy governess, or any other fascinating and unmarried object of romance; but the real facts in her case are precisely what is here set down.

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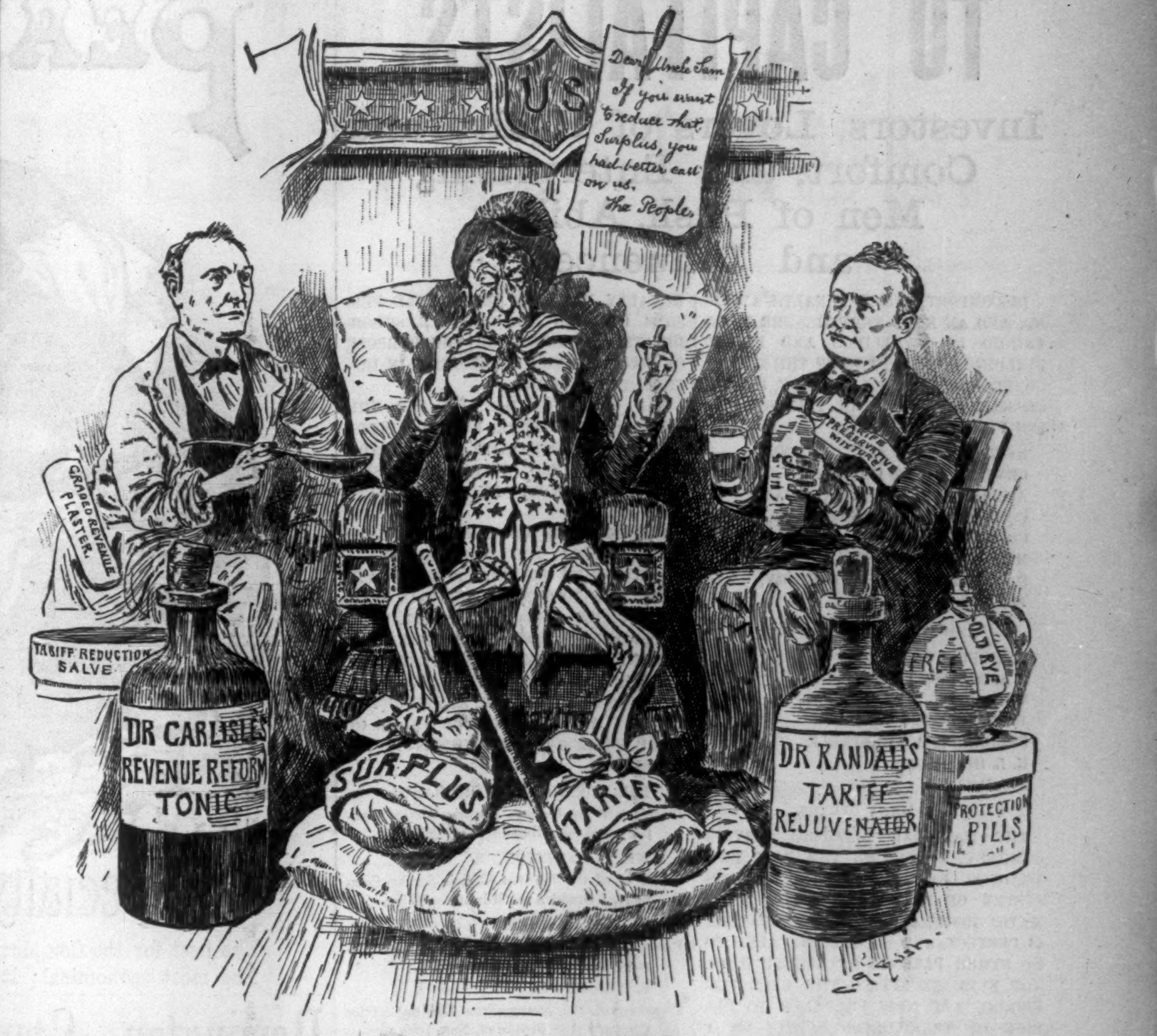

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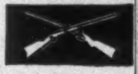

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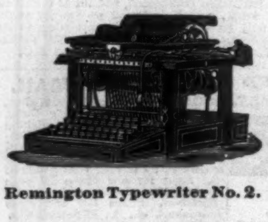

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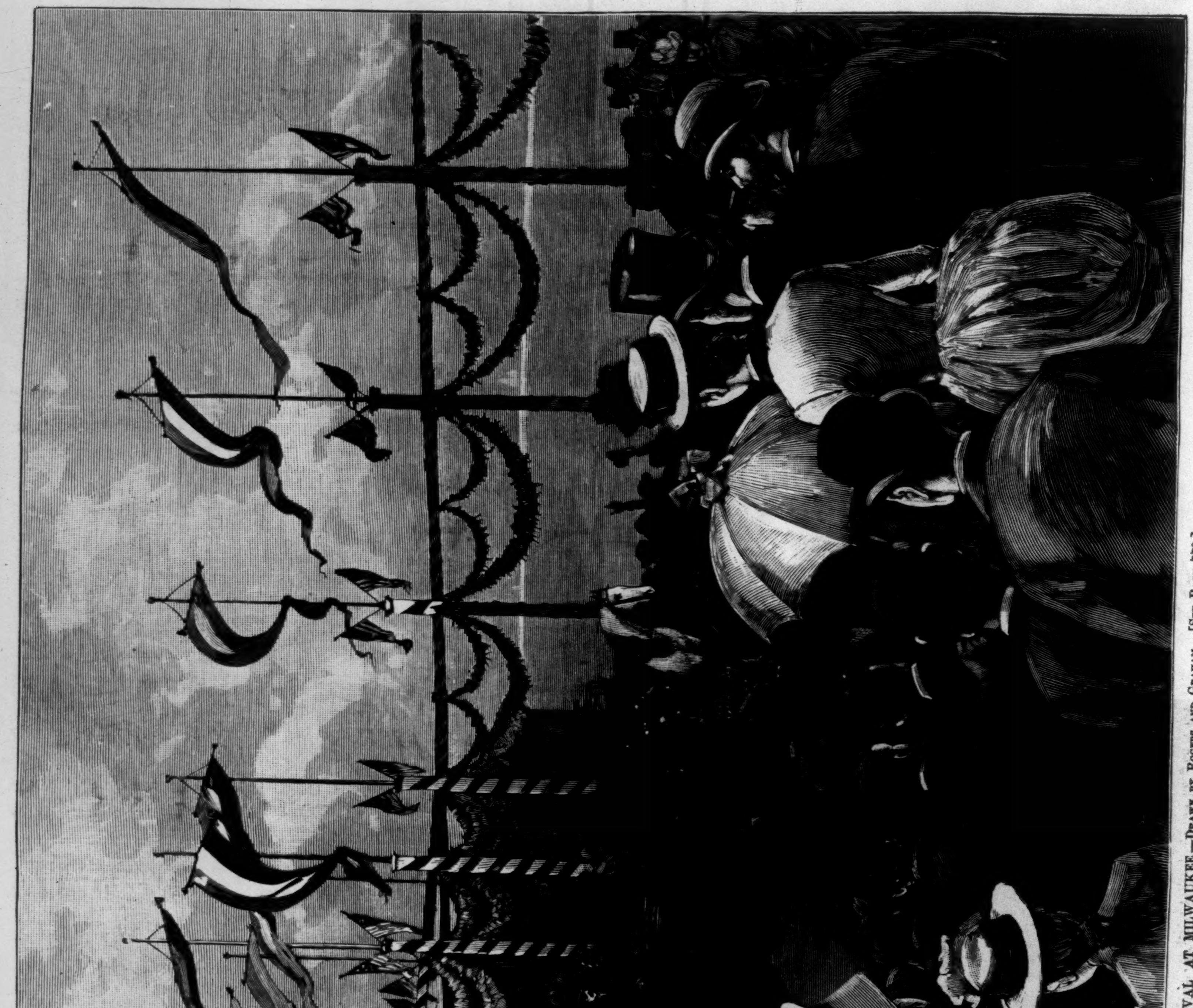

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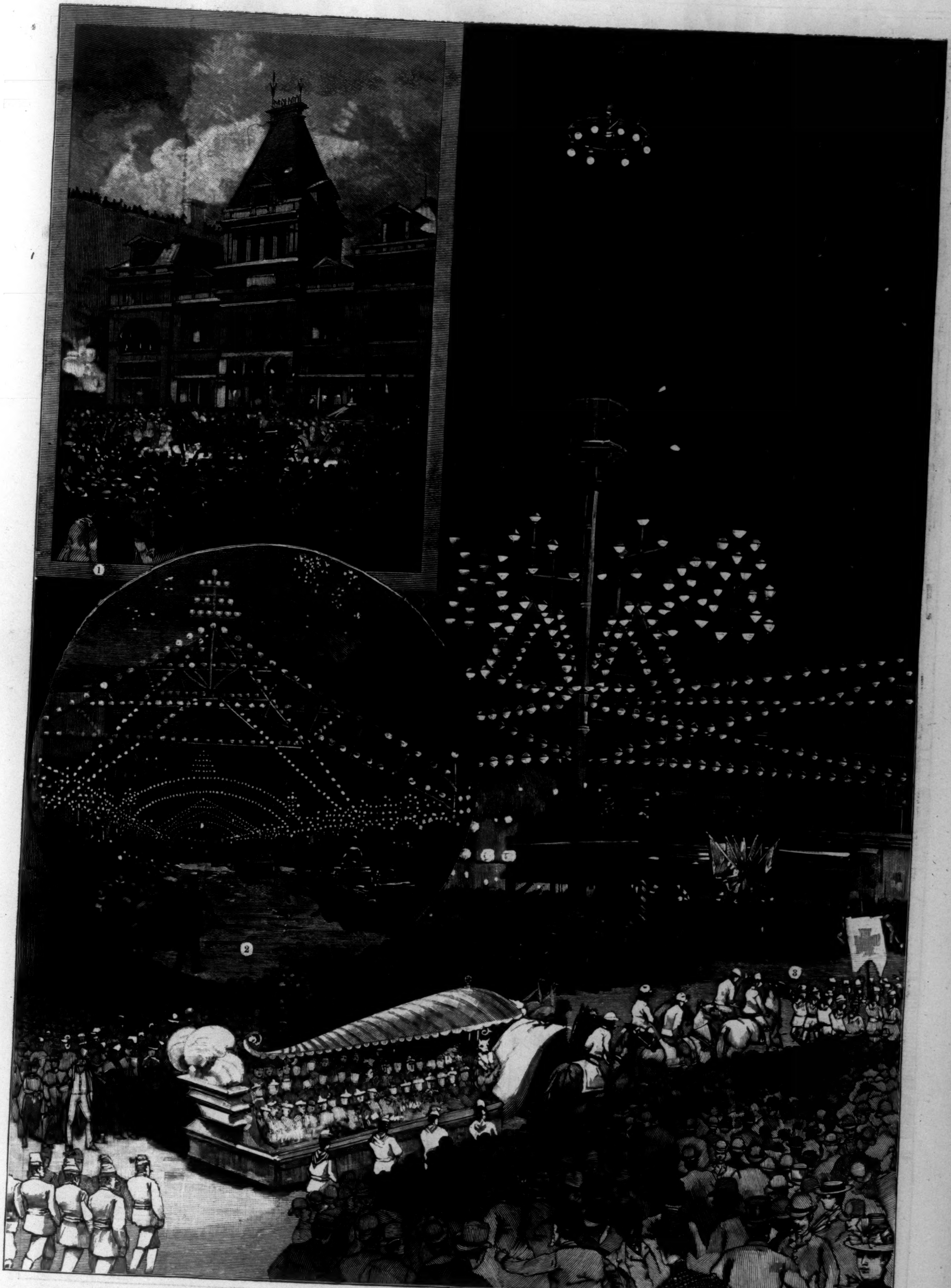

DEMONSTRATIONS OF WELCOME AT ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.—Drawn by Rogers and Graham.—[See Page 770.]

1. Arrival at the Union Depot, St. Paul. 2. Driving through the Illuminations at Minneapolis. 3. The Reviewing Stand at St. Paul.